

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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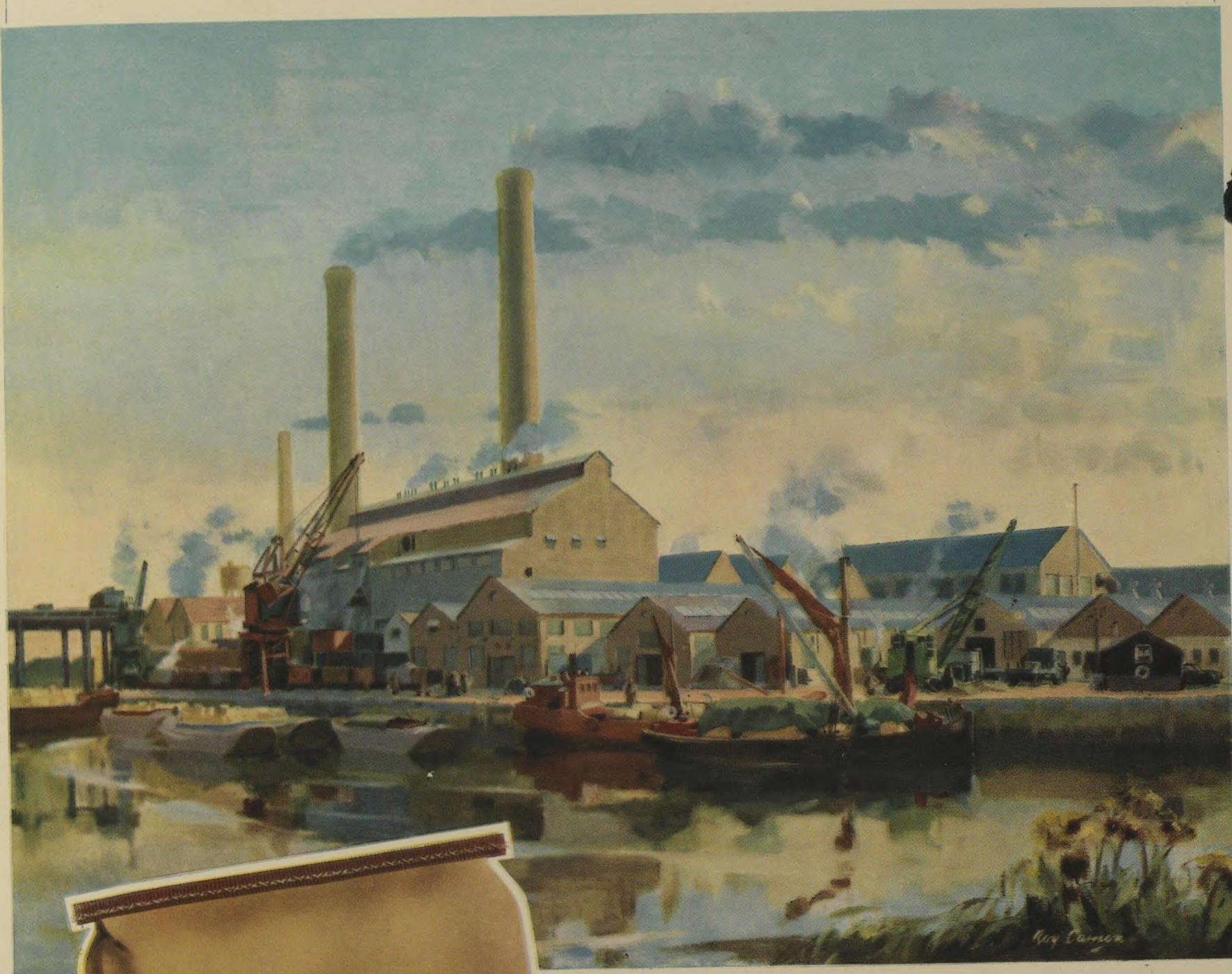
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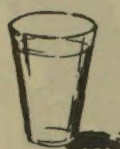
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THE BASIS OF A  
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Specify this amazing new overdrive for your new car. Full information is contained in a Folder which is available on request.



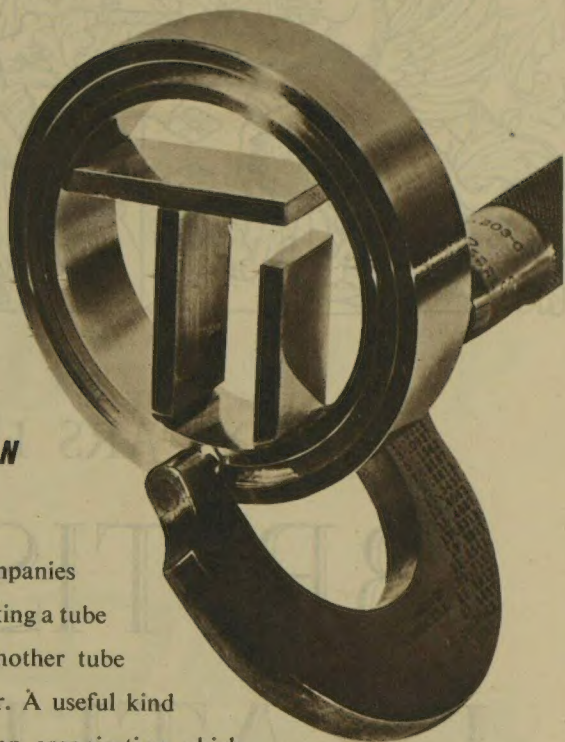
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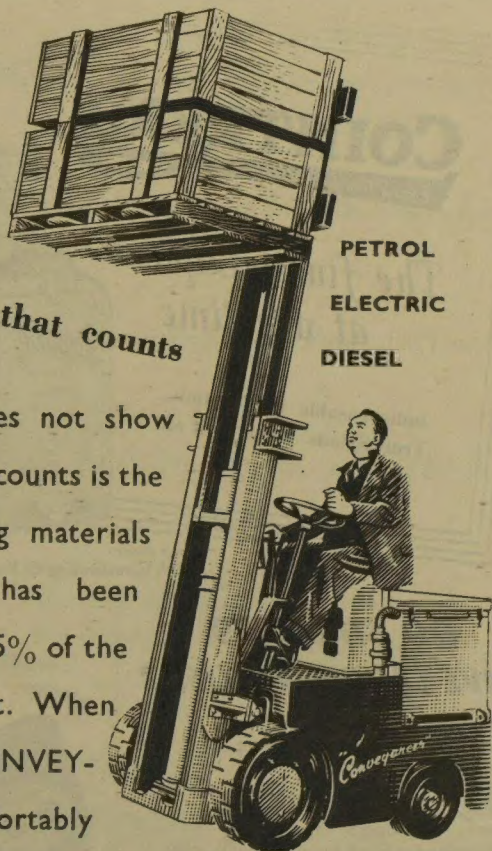
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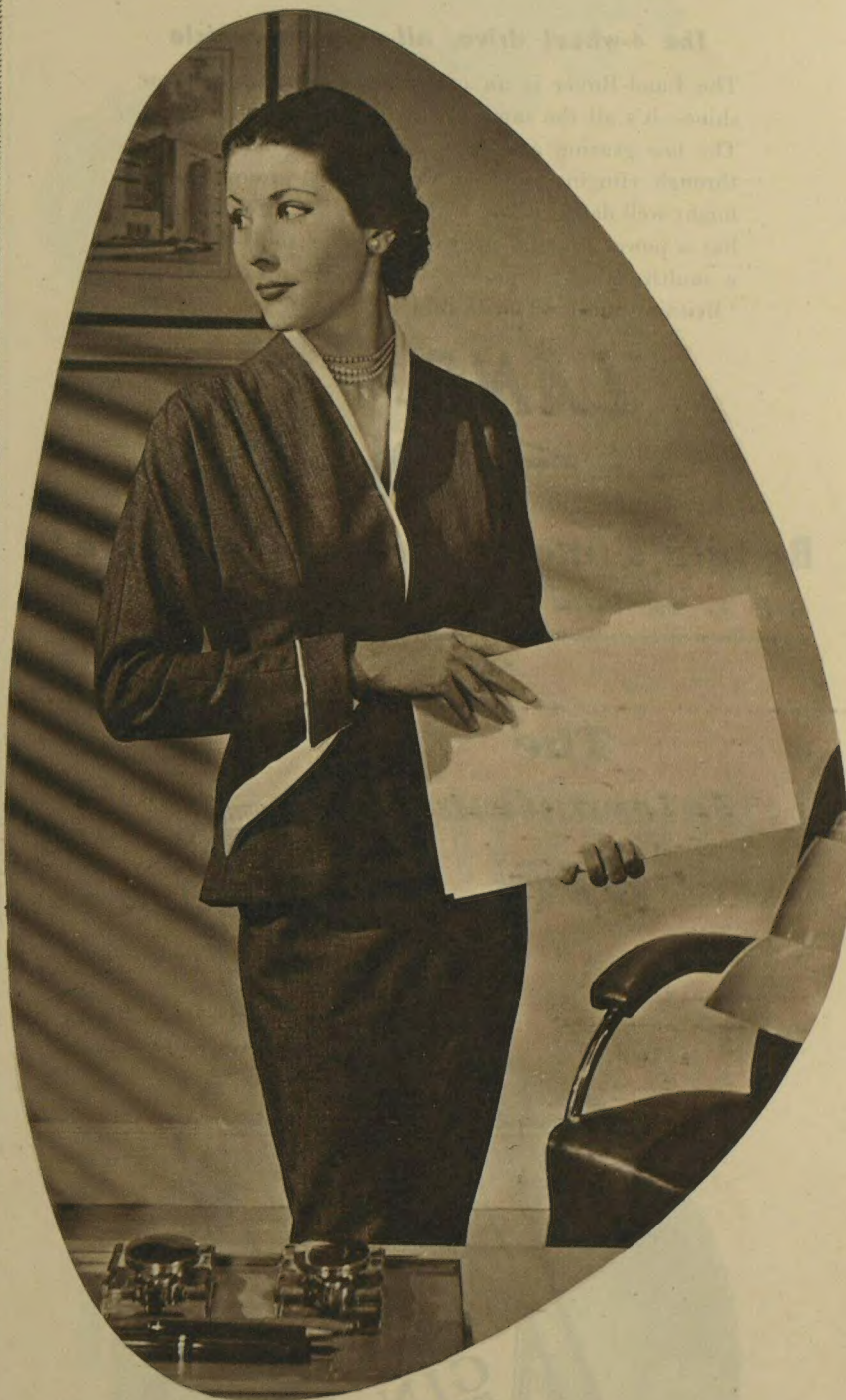
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Manufacturers of  
Land-Rovers  
The Rover Company Ltd.



### The 4-wheel drive, all-purpose vehicle

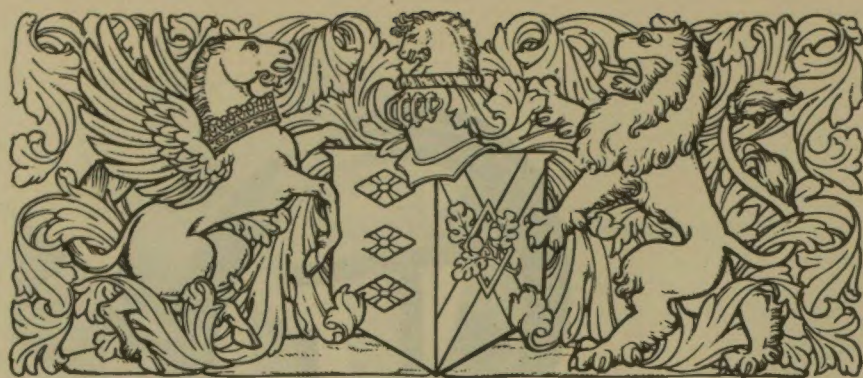
The Land-Rover is an overlander; come rain, come shine—it's all the same to this powerful little vehicle. The low gearing and four wheel drive take it easily through clinging mud or over lumpy ground which might well defeat many a bigger truck. In addition it has a power take-off providing belt or shaft drive for a multitude of purposes. No wonder it's known as 'Britain's most versatile vehicle.'

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**Britain's most versatile vehicle!**

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### DO SHRIMPS HAVE LARGE FAMILIES?

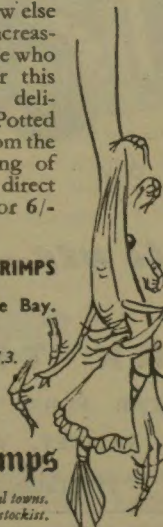
We hope so, for how else can we supply the increasing number of people who simply clamour for this delightful tea-time delicacy. Young's Potted Shrimps are fresh from the boats—with the tang of the sea—and come direct from our fisheries for 6/- and 11/- post free.

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From high class Stores in principal towns.  
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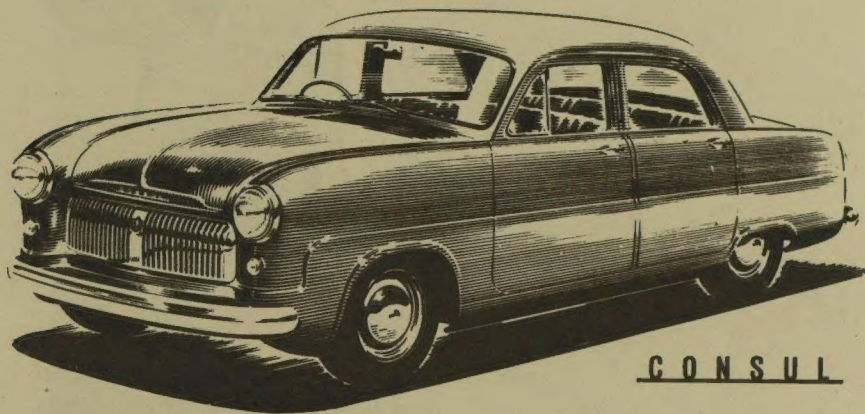
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It's November again, and and here's a number of things—a companionable dressing-gown, for instance, a pair of slippers that need none of the proverbial fire-warming—that will do much to soften the icy blow of winter.

**Wool Dressing-Gown**—warm, comfortable and faultlessly cut, in navy with cheerfully checked collar and cuffs to tone. In sizes 38, 40, 42, 44. Post and Packing 1/9 **£14. 12. 0.**

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**Ties of Pure Silk** from our large range of designs and colours—handmade from woven silk squares. Post and Packing 3d. **23/6.**

**Pure Fine Wool Socks**, good-looking and hard wearing; suitable for business wear. In blue, grey, maroon or brown. In sizes 10-12. Post and Packing 6d. **17/3.**

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1951.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S FIRST TERM OF OFFICE AS PRIME MINISTER IN PEACETIME: THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, WITH MRS. CHURCHILL, AFTER HEARING THE DECLARATION OF THE POLL AT WOODFORD.

In his last major speech of the election campaign, at Plymouth on October 23, Mr. Churchill replied to the "cruel and ungrateful accusation" that he was a warmonger, and in a restrained and dignified speech said that he remained in public life because, rightly or wrongly, but sincerely, he believed that he might be able to make an important contribution to the prevention of a third world war, and to bringing nearer that lasting peace settlement which the masses of people of every race and in every land fervently desired. "I pray, indeed," he said, "that I may have this opportunity. It is the last prize I

seek to win." Mr. Churchill was returned as Member of Parliament for Woodford with a majority of 18,579, the seventh time he has represented the constituency. Later, addressing a crowd outside the house of Sir James Hawkey, chairman of the Woodford Conservative Association, he paid tribute to the part Mrs. Churchill had played in "what we must regard in Woodford as a glorious victory." On October 26 Mr. Attlee tendered his resignation as Prime Minister to the King, who then sent for Mr. Churchill and asked him to form a new administration. Mr. Churchill accepted.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERY week, during the summer and winter seasons, for as many years as I can remember, there has flowed through the great West End salerooms of London a never-ceasing stream of beautiful objects: furniture, pictures, porcelain, silver, glass, carpets, tapestries, carvings, bronzes, armour, illuminated manuscripts, exquisitely bound and illustrated books. It has been my practice for many years, whenever in London, to take an afternoon walk once a week to Bond Street or St. James's, to look at them, to learn from them, to admire and sometimes, I fear—for human nature is greedy of beauty—to covet some of them; and always to marvel at the genius and ingenuity of man and the glory of great craftsmanship. And they have made me realise, better perhaps than anything else visible and tangible, the greatness of my country's past and of its tradition. For the vast majority of those lovely treasures, issuing from the homes and country-houses of England in an apparently inexhaustible procession, were made by Englishmen, many of them by very humble Englishmen. They were called into existence by the demands of a society that valued beauty of design and craftsmanship far more highly than we value it to-day and which, as a result of that demand, enabled large numbers of men to devote their lives to the making of beautiful things. Nothing can ever make me believe

that the lives of such men were poorer than those of their present-day descendants who, with a higher standard of living and a greater measure of social security, are doomed by the society for which they labour to spend their working lives manufacturing objects in whose creation there is little pleasure and pride for themselves and in whose possession little æsthetic enjoyment for others. Unless, indeed, our society can recover for its members that pride and joy, I am convinced that, despite all its social achievements and high egalitarian pretences, it is doomed. Our blindness to external beauty—to the highest creative triumphs of human achievement—is something which reduces us to a lower level than the animals. For in all the other senses but this, the æsthetic, the animals are

more sensitive and alert than we. It is the capacity, one we share with our Creator, to make beauty out of matter that distinguishes us from the other creatures of earth. When men lose that capacity they lose, I believe, the principal justification for their existence. Under the dreary leadership of nineteenth-century industrial capitalism and the still drearier leadership of its ugly offspring, twentieth-century materialistic socialism, the people of this island, in common with those of most Western lands, have been slowly losing that capacity. Yet up to a hundred years ago no nation had a prouder record than ours in the creation of beautiful things. There seemed, as the treasures of England's country houses show, almost no limit to their variety, range and number.

Can we recover our ancient skill and vision and, with them, the zest for living which is the counterpart of creation? I am not only convinced that we can, but I am convinced that we have got to, for, unless we do, we shall inevitably fall a prey to some people to whom life seems more important and worth-while than it is becoming to ourselves. The parable of the talents is one that lies at the root of all existence. To tell men, as our egalitarian social reformers do to-day, that their only business and duty is to make sure they are adequately fed, sheltered and clothed is to debase human nature and betray its highest hopes. Social reform and a measure of material egalitarianism were proper objects for a crusade in nineteenth-century Britain, but to-day, by themselves, they can lead nowhere but to bankruptcy and starvation. As slogans they appeal only to the sterile emotions of jealousy and envy; they can no longer warm men's hearts, for they have ceased to be a means to an end—the ennoblement and spiritual enrichment of man—and have become a mere mechanical end in them-

selves. To harp on them incessantly, as we do, is like giving a boy the key of the larder and telling him that it is the solution to existence.

The fundamental business of politicians in the democratic West, as I see it, is to re-state the ultimate purpose of society, that is, of human life. It is to stop seeing the means of material redistribution as an end, and to point men once more to a real end which will enrich their lives as individuals and ennoble and glorify the society of which they are part. Our obsession with the mere means of living has almost totally obscured our vision of the purpose of life. To suggest that we shall have solved our problems as a nation when we have redressed the balance of trade or nationalised the means of production, distribution and supply is like basing an army's training on the principle that a soldier's sole end on the battlefield is to preserve his own life. What victory, one asks, would such an army ever win? Men were not put into the world merely to preserve their own lives; on the contrary, if one thing about human existence is clear and indisputable, they were put into the world, *inter alia*, to lose their lives. What really matters is not the limited and uncertain extent of our survival, but what we make of and with our lives while we possess them. For these are instruments with which we have the power to fashion something worth making and whose making can alone

give us the satisfaction of which our natures are capable. Women still realise this in their task of bringing children into the world and rearing them; most men, in the conditions of the modern world, have ceased to realise it.

How can we refashion our commonwealth to give men's lives dignity, vitality and purpose again? We shall never succeed in doing so, I believe, until we have recovered for Western man—the child and product of Christianity—a belief in God: a belief, that is, in a spiritual Power of which he can be, if he chooses, a partaker and which has fashioned him to do with life something more than eat, procreate, gamble, shuffle through the day's labour to gain the day's wages, gape at comic strips and die. And the first thing required from our rulers is a recognition and acknowledgment



THE SCENE IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE, DURING THE ELECTION OF THE SIXTEEN SCOTS PEERS TO SIT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

On October 23 the Peers of Scotland, holding titles created before the Act of Union, met in the Palace of Holyroodhouse, to elect sixteen of their number to sit in the House of Lords. Twenty-three Peers read their lists in person, the Earl of Lindsay's was read by his proxy, Lord Polwarth, and signed lists were sent by twenty-four other peers. Lord Elphinstone, K.T., presided as Lord Clerk Register. The following peers were elected: the Earls of Rothes, Caithness, Perth, Haddington, Lindsay, Airlie, Selkirk, Darnley, and Breadalbane; Viscount Arbutnot; and Lords Saltoun, Sinclair, Sempill, Balfour of Burleigh, Fairfax of Cameron, and Polwarth. Votes were also cast for the Earl of Northesk and Lord Reay, but they were not elected.

that the purpose of every human life should be to realise the full spiritual capacity within it, and that the ultimate object of the commonwealth is not merely to ensure every man his daily bread—a necessary means to an end—but to afford also the conditions and stimulus to enable him to be and do what, at his highest, he might be and do. This is so far removed from the present practice of political leaders of all parties that the very idea of it seems laughable; imagine the Rt. Hon. So-and-so telling the electors that he and his colleagues were not only going to do their best to improve their standards of living and enhance their security, but that they saw these things merely as means to an end and that that end was the existence of a commonwealth in which men loved their work, delighted in the creation of beauty and strove to leave behind them, for the enrichment of their children and the continuing society of which they were part, a legacy of high achievement. So far is this from being the case to-day that I have come to believe—I am afraid with some reason—that if, say, the Treasury became convinced that a few million pounds could be added to the credit side of our national balance of trade by pulling down St. Paul's or Salisbury Cathedral and erecting a cement factory in its place, these supreme and enduring achievements of the nation's spirit would, in fact, with a wealth, no doubt, of high-sounding explanations and platitudes, be sacrificed by the statesmen of whatever Government happened then to be in power. For we have lost our sense of direction in public matters to such an extent that we can no longer comprehend how such buildings, still admired and venerated by some of us in our private capacities, came to be erected, and why the society which erected them, with all its comparative poverty in material knowledge and technique, was so much richer and wiser than our own.



# THE NATION'S LEADERS: KEY POSTS IN THE NEW CONSERVATIVE CABINET.



**THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.**  
Appointed Lord Privy Seal and will be the Leader of the House of Lords.



**MR. ANTHONY EDEN.**  
Appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Deputy Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons. This is his third term as Foreign Minister.



**SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE.**  
Appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department and Minister for Welsh Affairs.



**MR. RICHARD AUSTEN BUTLER.**  
Appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is an outstanding representative of the "new Conservatism."



**GENERAL THE LORD ISMAY.**  
Appointed Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. He was Chief of Staff to Minister of Defence, 1940-46.



**SIR WALTER MONCKTON.**  
Appointed Minister of Labour and National Service. A distinguished lawyer and a former Solicitor-General.



**LORD WOOLTON.**  
Appointed Lord President of the Council. Was Minister of Food from 1940 to 1943 and Minister of Reconstruction from 1943 to 1945.



**MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON.**  
Appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies. From 1942 to 1945 was Minister of War Production.

On October 26 H.M. the King sent for Mr. Churchill and asked him to form a new Administration. Mr. Churchill accepted and, on the following day, issued his list of key appointments which had been approved by his Majesty. A Downing Street statement said that Mr. Churchill is to be Minister of Defence and that he had thought it necessary to submit this first list to the King immediately, "because of the present critical foreign and economic situation." His Majesty held a Council on the afternoon of October 27, at which the new Ministers kissed hands, and Lord Ismay and Sir Walter Monckton, who have not previously held Cabinet office, were made Privy Councillors. Among the appointments is that of Minister

for Welsh Affairs, which is linked with the Home Office, and though this new post does not involve the creation of a Welsh Office, it will bring the administration of matters of concern to Wales under the supervision of a single Minister with a seat in the Cabinet. It was revealed on October 28 that Mr. Churchill on the previous day had offered Mr. Clement Davies, leader of the Liberal Party, office in the new Government and coalition with the Liberals in the House of Commons. A statement from the Liberal party headquarters was issued declining office but pledging support to the Government for "measures clearly conceived in the interest of the country as a whole."





TELEVISIONING THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1951: THE SCENE IN STUDIO "A" AS RESULTS WERE RECEIVED.

Elaborate plans were made by the B.B.C. television service to give over 900,000 television licence-holders an up-to-the-minute record of the General Election results as they came in. The first to appear on the screen was Salford West, at 10.24 p.m. on October 25, and viewers saw the Mayor of Salford and the two candidates appear on the Art Gallery balcony with the cheering crowd below. This was followed by the Salford East result, and cameras were also placed in Birmingham and Fulham.

Other results were shown on the screen by means of caption cards clipped on to easels before the cameras, and the results were analysed by a studio team consisting of Graham Hutton, H. G. Nicholas, Fellow of New College, Oxford; and David Butler, Research Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford. Our Artist, Mr. Bryan de Grineau, visited Alexandra Palace on October 26, where he made these drawings of the two studios which formed the centre of operations. Transmission took place from

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE B.B.C.





**ELECTION ACTIVITY AT ALEXANDRA PALACE: TELEVISING COMMENTARIES AND RESULTS IN STUDIO "B."**

10.15 p.m. on October 25 to 4 a.m. on October 26, and was resumed at 10 a.m. until 5 p.m.; when there was a break for the children's programme. Our drawing of Studio "A" shows in left background the television cameras trained on the easels on which the result cards were displayed, and in the foreground the caption artists filling in results with quick-drying paint. Members of the team, who received the results by telephonic communication with headquarters, may be seen in right centre

taking down the figures, which were then clipped to the appropriate caption card for lettering. In our drawing of Studio "B" may be seen in background two of the announcers with, to their right, three statisticians tabulating overall figures. In the left foreground a cameraman is lining up his camera on a descriptive panel while, beyond, the animator stands ready with a diagram. The third announcer is seen on the right with a camera trained on him.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE B.B.C.



# BACK TO WESTMINSTER: SEVENTEEN WOMEN M.P.s.

# SUCCESSFUL WOMEN CANDIDATES OF 1951.



MISS F. HORSBRUGH (Conservative).  
Elected M.P. for Manchester, Moss Side, with  
a majority of 10,878.



DR. E. SUMMERSKILL (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Fulham West with a majority  
of 2583, in a three-cornered fight.



MISS A. M. BACON (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Leeds North-East with a  
majority of 6411.



LADY TWEEDSMUIR (Conservative).  
Elected M.P. for Aberdeen South with a majority  
of 8622.



MISS M. HERBISON (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Lanark North with a majority  
of 6304.



MRS. B. A. CASTLE (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Blackburn East with a majority  
of 2632.



MRS. E. HILL (Conservative).  
Elected M.P. for Manchester, Wythenshawe,  
with a majority of 6566.



MISS E. F. BURTON (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Coventry  
South with a majority of  
5468.



MISS JENNIE LEE (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Cannock with  
a majority of 16,338.



MRS. E. M. BRADDOCK (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Liverpool  
Exchange with a majority of  
6835.



MISS P. HORNSBY-SMITH (Conservative).  
Elected M.P. for Chislehurst with a majority  
of 980.



VISCOUNTESS DAVIDSON (Conservative).  
Elected M.P. for Hemel Hempstead with a majority  
of 7400.



MRS. J. MANN (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Coatbridge and Airdrie with  
a majority of 6207.



MRS. F. CORBET (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Peckham with a majority  
of 19,146.



MISS I. WARD (Conservative).  
Elected M.P. for Tynemouth with a majority of 7656,  
in a straight fight.



MRS. A. CULLEN (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Glasgow, Gorbals, with a  
majority of 12,219, in a three-cornered fight.



MRS. E. L. WHITE (Socialist).  
Elected M.P. for Flintshire East with a majority  
of 3379.

OF the seventy-four women candidates in the General Election, seventeen have been elected to the new House of Commons—eleven Socialist and six Conservative, whose photographs are shown on this page. All those elected sat in the previous Parliament. There are four fewer women M.P.s than at the dissolution and seven fewer than in the 1945-50 Parliament. Lady Megan Lloyd-George, who has represented Anglesey since 1929, was defeated; Lady Violet Bonham-Carter was defeated at Colne Valley. In the last Parliament Lady Megan was deputy leader of the Liberal Party; and Lady Violet has been president of the Liberal Party organisation

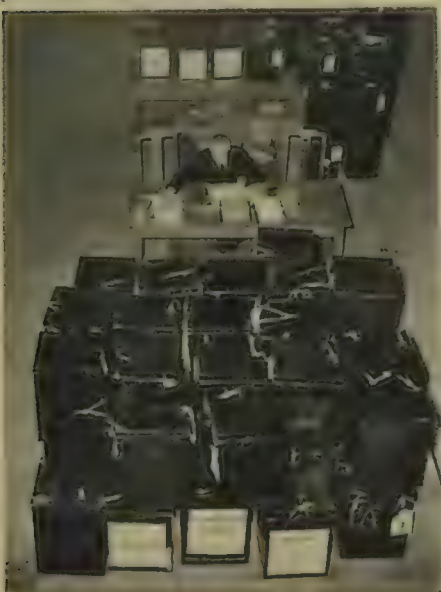
(Continued opposite.)

Continued.] since 1944 but has never been elected to Parliament. Viscountess Davidson, M.P. for Hemel Hempstead since 1937, was the only Conservative woman candidate to be returned in the 1945 General Election; she was again elected in 1950. Three Socialist women M.P.s who sat in the last Parliament were defeated: Mrs. C. S. Ganley, Battersea South; Mrs. L. A. Middleton, Plymouth, Sutton; and Mrs. D. Rees, Barry. Miss Jennie Lee, who is the wife of Mr. Aneurin Bevan, has been Member for Cannock since 1945. Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, Conservative M.P. for Chislehurst, and Miss Herbison, Socialist M.P. for Lanark North, each made a party political broadcast.





WHEN THE RESULT STILL HUNG IN THE BALANCE: MRS. ATLEE KNITTED A SOCK WHILE WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND AT WEST WALTHAMSTOW, WHERE HE WAS RETURNED BY 11,574.



BALLOT-BOXES AWAITING THE FINAL COUNT AT LEWISHAM TOWN HALL. LEWISHAM SOUTH RETURNED MR. HERBERT MORRISON (SOC.).



OUT AND ABOUT AFTER HIS LONG ILLNESS, SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, WITH LADY CRIPPS, ARRIVES AT OAKRIDGE TO VOTE.



RESIDE THE MEMORIAL TO THE GREAT FOREIGN MINISTER, LORD GREY: MR. ANTHONY EDEN, AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE, TO WHICH HE HAS NOW RETURNED.

After the announcement on October 27 of the first eight members of Mr. Churchill's Cabinet, reported elsewhere in this issue, perhaps the next most interesting political development was the offer by Mr. Churchill of office in the new Government to Mr. Clement Davies, the leader of the Liberal Party. This took place at Chartwell

## THE TURN OF THE POLITICAL TIDE: ELECTION AND POST-ELECTION ITEMS.



THE LIBERAL LEADER, MR. CLEMENT DAVIES, SIGNING AN AUTOGRAPH BOOK AT CHARTWELL, WHERE HE VISITED MR. CHURCHILL TO DISCUSS AN OFFER OF OFFICE.



RETURNING TO DOWNING STREET AFTER TENDERING HIS RESIGNATION TO THE KING ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 26: THE SOCIALIST LEADER, MR. CLEMENT ATLEE.

on October 28. After consultation with his colleagues, Mr. Davies declined the offer, but a Liberal Party statement at the same time stated "[The Liberal Party] will, both in Parliament and in the country, give to the Government support for measures clearly conceived in the interests of the country as a whole."



## A BRIDGE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND INDIA.

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN UNKNOWN INDIAN"; by NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WE were in India for 300 years. We are, though there are still ties which might be strengthened, out of it now. Mr. Chaudhuri says that "as long as the English remained strong they had nothing to fear from Indian nationalism, but everything as soon as they grew weak for one reason or another." The same thing, I dare say, might be said about Burmese nationalism, Malayan nationalism, Persian nationalism, Egyptian nationalism, and even Russian nationalism. Mr. Chaudhuri, a realist, is certainly no indiscriminate belauder of British rule; he has some damning things to say about the attitude of British communities (especially in Calcutta, which, of large cities, he knows best) towards the native inhabitants of India. But for all his detachment (and he is a semi-recluse with a panoramic, historical mind), he waves us a handsome parting salute in his dedication, which runs:

TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA  
WHICH CONFERRED  
SUBJECTHOOD ON US  
BUT WITHHELD  
CITIZENSHIP;  
TO WHICH YET  
EVERY ONE OF US THREW  
OUT THE CHALLENGE:  
"CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM"  
BECAUSE  
ALL THAT WAS GOOD  
AND LIVING  
WITHIN US  
WAS MADE, SHAPED,  
AND QUICKENED  
BY THE SAME  
BRITISH RULE.

An old impulse surges within me as I read these words: it was touch and go at one time (provided that the examiners, who let the strangest people through, decided that I had enough wits for the job) whether or not I should have gone into the Indian Civil Service, or "I.C.S.," for short. The whole romance of the Anglo-Indian connection was in my mind; I believed that we had justified ourselves in India by our policeman-ship, our care for the forestry, our irrigation works, our precautions against plague and famine, Lord William Bentinck's measures against suttee and child-marriage, our keeping the peace between Moslems and Hindus, our co-operation with the enlightened Princes and our surveillance of the less enlightened. How silly I should have been to go. Kipling's "poor little street-bred people" were led astray by the more cunning of their kind; and India went, to the great detriment of both parties.

All this kind of question, and questions involving thousands of years of history, are surveyed in Mr. Chaudhuri's book. He refers to Spengler, who wrote "The Downfall of the West": at moments he seems to be contemplating the simultaneous "Downfalls" of both West and East, and consoling himself with the reflection that, in a thousand years or so, there might be a recurrence and a recovery; he shares the mood of the Greek philosopher who held that *παντα ῥε*. But, though the philosophers of history (of which Schelling was one of the earliest and best and Spengler one of the latest and worst) may delight, as in a midnight undergraduate discussion, in his survey of all mortal things, it isn't that part of his book which makes it uniquely attractive. The signal thing about his book is the picture it gives of a boy growing up in a village, of village life, and of the boy, never visiting England and meeting few Englishmen, and learning his English from Indians, and never getting important jobs, becoming the intensely thoughtful

citizen of the world who could write that dedication. Literature in English about India is voluminous. There are travel books; there are countless books about politics by Englishmen and Indians; there have been, in recent times, many translations of Indian poems and novels. But I can't think of anything published in England which covers the same ground as the earlier portion of Mr. Chaudhuri's book. It records the earlier years of a sensitive boy. His father, a lawyer, was (as it were) the Lord of the Manor, and the two courts of his house were constructed of timbers, thatch, corrugated iron and matting. Photographs of the village in Eastern Bengal would make the place seem remote from us: so do the descriptions of some of the customs. But the thoughtful boy makes the environment seem not

servant and with a special allowance of money expressly to see the sights and buy toys. And then, even if the whole generation of grown-ups had immolated themselves under the car, I do not think that would have made much difference to the enjoyment of us, the children. It was the fair for boys and girls, with dolls of many bewildering varieties, as good to smell as to see. There was an immense number of the famous Bengali doll which went under the name of the Spoilt Baby. It was either bright pink or flaming scarlet and it was given an ample middle to indicate that it had been spoilt by the most efficient method of accomplishing that end we knew of in Bengal. As soon as we had made our selection the potter-stall-keeper brushed it over with a quick-drying varnish and handed it to us, and we walked on looking at and smelling the doll alternately." Is there much difference between that approach to the

"Spoilt Baby" and an English child's approach to a Teddy Bear?

Childhood over, this sequestered thinker passed through young manhood, married, earned a modest living, and bred children. His boys, as he wrote, had parts of the book inflicted on them; his wife, he says (paying the customary prefatorial tribute in a tenderly jocular way) "maintained only an objective interest in the book," but kept him fed and contented. Like most wives, she probably thought she had rather an odd creature to cope with. Unlike most wives, she may suddenly discover, one day, that the moody, difficult child, with whom her aged self had to deal, and whose elbow she had constantly to jog in order to remind him to face the facts of life, earn a living, and remember that he was existing here and now and not in infinite space and time, has turned into a celebrity and a classic. If Indian wives are anything like English wives (and I am sure that they are) she will then say: "Of course, I always knew it really, but the way they moon about is enough to drive any woman mad."

Mr. Chaudhuri has read all the English books which one is accustomed to finding that Indian writers have read: the eternal Locke, Burke, Macaulay and John Stuart Mill are not strangers to him. But though he has had little contact with English people, he has found his way about even the most modern English literature in the most surprising manner. Who would expect a man of his background, solitary habits and cosmic interests to illuminate the human scene with the quotation from Mrs. Cornford:

O fat white woman whom nobody loves,  
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,  
Missing so much, and so much?

The lines passed through his mind as he gazed at people in his own place. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Words like "democracy" don't, alas! On two pages, Mr. Chaudhuri quotes Wordsworth, Campbell and Webster: not as one who has obediently learned them from school anthologies, but as one who has found his own way about and fastened on anything worth listening to or loving.

His book is a rather tardy bridge between England and India.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 730 of this issue.



THE "UNKNOWN INDIAN" WHOSE AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI.

In the preface to his book, "The Autobiography of An Unknown Indian," Mr. Chaudhuri writes: "This book describes the conditions in which an Indian grew to manhood in the early decades of this century. His adventures in the world, where at the end of the narrative he is left more stranded than making his way, have to remain unrecorded for the present. But the argument of the whole life so far as it has been lived is stated here in its completeness. The story I want to tell is the story of a civilization with a hostile environment, in which the destiny of British rule in India became necessarily involved. My main intention is thus historical, and since I have written the account with the utmost honesty and accuracy of which I am capable, the intention in my mind has become mingled with the aspiration that the book may be regarded as a contribution to contemporary history." Mr. Nirad C. Chaudhuri was born at Kishorganj, in East Bengal, on November 23, 1897. His book is subdivided under four headings: "Early Environment"; "First Twelve Years"; "Education" and "Into the World." This photograph was taken by his son, Dhruva.

to matter at all: he is brother to the thoughtful boy in Aksakoff's books about his youth and early manhood in the Old Russia, and to the thoughtful boy in W. H. Hudson's book, "Far Away and Long Ago," about the Old Argentine. And before the thoughtful boy there was the mere child.

"Juggernaut" to us is a ghastly word. To the little Chaudhuri it meant glee. "The house drew us children for something which was very much more important in our eyes than any question of water. In its grounds was held the annual festival of Krishna and the fair which accompanied it. Those who have read about the car of Juggernaut should now shed all their inhibitions. We had not read English accounts of the car festival. Consequently no fear of being crushed by its inhuman progression troubled our imagination. On the contrary, it was an occasion of which we had the most fervid expectation, happiest experience, and tenderest retrospect. Of course, we were not allowed to go near the car when it was being drawn, but we were sent to the fair in charge of a



# RE-CREATED FOR CHICAGO MUSEUM: EXTINCT PREHISTORIC SEA CREATURES.



A RECONSTRUCTION OF A SILURIAN CORAL REEF OF THE CHICAGO REGION, C. 365,000,000 YEARS AGO, IN THE CHICAGO NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: CORALS, CYSTOIDS (PLANT-LIKE ANIMALS), BRACHIOPODS, CLAMS, SNAILS, CEPHALOPODS AND TRILOBITES.



MISSISSIPPIAN SEA-LILIES OF 300,000,000 YEARS AGO: A RECONSTRUCTION BASED ON FOSSILS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, ESPECIALLY INDIANA AND IOWA. CRINOIDS, OR SEA-LILIES, ARE RELATED TO STAR-FISH.



SEA ANIMALS OF SOME 150,000,000 YEARS AGO: A RECONSTRUCTION BASED ON SPECIMENS FROM MONTANA AND WYOMING. THE SWIMMING ANIMALS, BELEMNITES, MOVED BACKWARDS BY JET PROPULSION. THE FAT OYSTERS ARE AN EXTINCT VARIETY.

A remarkable series of reconstructions of prehistoric animal life carried out for the Chicago Natural History Museum has just been opened to the American public. It consists of a comprehensive series of exhibits illustrating fossil plant and invertebrate animal life and evolution over hundreds of millions of years. The outstanding feature is ten habitat groups showing prehistoric animals, carried out by the sculptor George Marchand, working under the direction of Dr. Irving G. Reimann, of the University of Michigan. It is claimed that no sacrifice of scientific accuracy has been made, but that it has been found that "pleasing and appealing exhibits" are not incompatible with it. The Chicago Natural History Museum Bulletin describes these groups as being the results of "scientific detective work," for the sculptor was guided by a paleontologist studying fragmentary fossil specimens of extinct plants and animals in his work of re-creation. The



A RESTORATION OF EURYPTERIDS, EXTINCT CRUSTACEAN-LIKE CREATURES THAT LIVED C. 350,000,000 YEARS AGO: MADE FOR THE CHICAGO NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, BY GEORGE MARCHAND, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DR. IRVING G. REIMANN.

colourful models of these plants and animals are arranged in lifelike positions amid what is claimed to have been their natural surroundings. The Silurian period has been given greater prominence than any other, because the bedrock of the Chicago area is of the Silurian age. There are thus two Silurian habitat groups, the eurypterids and a reef representing Silurian sea-life, on the site of the modern city of Chicago. It is stated that not all prehistoric animals are well known enough from their fossils to permit their reconstruction for such groups. Restorations of soft-bodied animals cause the greatest difficulty, for when they are fossilised it is likely to be in the form of a flattened film. Nevertheless several soft-bodied animals are represented in one of the groups. The belemnites represented in one group swam forwards by waving their tentacles or backwards by jet propulsion, squirting water from a sac beneath the mouth.





WAR IN THE JUNGLE : A PATROL OF THE 1/10 GURKHA RIFLES MOVING WARILY ALONG A PATH IN PAHANG IN PURSUIT OF COMMUNIST TERRORISTS.



WADING WAIST-DEEP THROUGH A RIVER IN THE KLANG AREA OF SELANGOR STATE : A POLICE PATROL SEARCHING FOR COMMUNIST TERRORISTS.

#### ON THE TRAIL OF COMMUNIST TERRORISTS IN MALAYA: SECURITY FORCES IN THE JUNGLE.

Although the war against Communist aggression in Korea has overshadowed the operations in Malaya, the struggle being waged there against Communist terrorism continues from day to day and year to year, with losses on both sides, and occasionally the public is shocked into awareness of the problem by such heavy news as the recent murder of Sir Henry Gurney, the High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya. The Security forces, consisting of British,



A DISCOVERY MADE BY A PATROL OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS : A COMMUNIST HIDE-OUT IN THE JUNGLE—THE MATERIAL OF WHICH IT IS MADE BLENDING WITH THE VEGETATION.



IN AN AREA WHERE SEARCH WAS LATER MADE FOR THE MURDERERS OF SIR HENRY GURNEY : MEN OF THE MALAY REGIMENT HACKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH.

Malay and Gurkha troops and police (with whom many Chinese serve), are supported in their task by the attitude of the planters, who have refused to be intimidated and have adapted themselves to the changed conditions and remain cheerful behind their sandbags and barbed wire and travel about their business in armoured cars. On this and the facing page we publish photographs of the Security forces at work which show that the problem of locating and

*[Continued opposite.]*





SHELLING COMMUNIST TERRORISTS OUT OF THEIR JUNGLE HIDE-OUTS IN THE HILLS AT KANCHING PASS, IN SELANGOR STATE: BRITISH ARMoured CARS IN ACTION AGAINST AN EVASIVE ENEMY WHO LATER AMBUSHED A PATROL OF THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT, INFLECTING THIRTY-THREE CASUALTIES.



PATROLLING A JUNGLE ROAD IN THE KUALA KUBU AREA OF SELANGOR STATE: MEN OF THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT IN AN ARMoured CARRIER. ON OCTOBER 22 A PATROL OF THE REGIMENT WAS AMBUSHED AND LOST ONE OFFICER AND TEN OTHER RANKS.

#### THE IMAGE OF WAR: BRITISH PATROL ACTIVITY AGAINST COMMUNIST TERRORISTS IN MALAYA.

*Continued.* bringing the terrorists to grips in the jungle bristles with difficulties. On October 22, a patrol of The Royal West Kent Regiment was ambushed in North Selangor, about thirty miles from the place where Sir Henry Gurney was murdered, and one officer, ten other ranks, three Iban trackers and one Malay special constable were killed and a Malay driver died from wounds. One officer and eleven other ranks, one civil liaison officer and four Malay special

constables were wounded. Six terrorists were killed by the survivors, who fought off their attackers and saved arms and equipment from capture. Two platoons of the Regiment, supported by the R.A.F., pursued the terrorists, who were believed to belong to a large force concentrated on the Selangor-Pahang-Negri Sembilan border. It was reported on October 23 that a battalion of Fijian troops would arrive in the Federation early next year.



## A TRIUMPH OF BRITISH ENGINEERING: THE WORLD'S LARGEST WALKING DRAGLINE.



LOOKING UP THE SUSPENSION MEMBER OF THE 282-FT.-LONG JIB OF THE BIGGEST WALKING DRAGLINE IN THE WORLD AT THE PRIORS HALL QUARRY, NORTHANTS.



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE APEX OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST WALKING DRAGLINE ALONG ONE OF THE TUBULAR COMPRESSION MEMBERS, DOWN TO THE CONTROL CABIN



THE WORLD'S LARGEST WALKING DRAGLINE WALKS. AS THE TWO "FEET" COME DOWN, THE CIRCULAR BASE STRUCTURE, OR "TUB," RISES 2 FEET FROM THE GROUND.



THE OPERATOR'S CHAIR, WITH THE CONTROLS BY WHICH ONE MAN CAN CONTROL THE WHOLE OPERATION OF THE HUGE MACHINE AT HIS EASE.



INSIDE ONE OF THE TWO IDENTICAL CONTROL CABINS, THROUGH WHOSE GLASS WALLS THE ENGINEER CAN WATCH THE WHOLE OF THE OPERATION OF THE 22-TON BUCKET.

A remarkable achievement of British enterprise and engineering skill, W.1400, the world's biggest walking dragline, is now coming into operation in opencast ironstone mining in Messrs. Stewarts and Lloyds' Priors Hall Quarry, near Corby, in Northants. This gigantic machine (of which several photographs appear on these two pages) was built to the design and under the over-all responsibility of Messrs. Ransomes and Rapier, Ltd. The great machine weighs 1600 tons, and in its working position the head of its 282-ft.-long jib is 175 ft. above the ground—5 ft. higher than Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. It

has a dumping radius of 260 ft. and, when slewing, the head of the jib reaches a speed of nearly 23 miles per hour. The bucket, which, empty, weighs 22 tons, digs about 27 tons at a fill. The time cycle of filling the bucket, swinging to the discharging point, emptying the bucket and returning to the digging position is about 60 seconds, which means that the machine can dig and dump slightly over its own weight of 1600 tons every hour it is working. Furthermore, it is operated by one man, sitting in a comfortable seat in one of the two identical weatherproof control cabins; and, as it is fitted with powerful

(Continued opposite.)





THE WORLD'S LARGEST WALKING DRAGLINE—A BRITISH MACHINE WHICH CAN LIFT AND DUMP ITS OWN WEIGHT (1600 TONS) ONCE EVERY HOUR ; WITH AN INSET DIAGRAM OF THE METHOD OF MOVING A 100-FT. OVERBURDEN.

*Continued.* floodlights, it has a normal working day of 20 hours, and thus can move over 32,000 tons of overburden every day. Its construction has been necessitated by two principal factors. Most English ironstone is not rich in actual iron, and must therefore be won rapidly and cheaply. In fact, 85 per cent. of the ironstone in Britain is won from opencast quarries, as this method is cheaper and more efficient than underground mining. But the great Northampton Sand Ironstone Bed (which runs from central Lincolnshire, across Leicestershire,

Rutland and Northampton) lies now, in its working areas, at progressively greater depths; and at the Priors Hall Quarry, the overburden which had to be moved is about 100 ft. deep. Until the creation of this new machine, such a depth could not be moved economically. As can be seen from the diagram in our second page, this overburden is dumped in a hill-and-dale formation, which, though not suitable for agricultural use, is admirably fitted for afforestation, and it is the policy of Stewarts and Lloyds, Ltd., to plant trees in all such areas.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FUTURE OF EGYPT AND THE SUDAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

A SOPHIST might argue that Nahas Pasha was the worst-used statesman in the world to-day. The case for him would be that he took a certain step with every reason to assume that British reaction would be instant and wholesale surrender, and that then these unaccountable people suddenly decided to make a stand for their rights, with the result that trouble and bloodshed occurred. The British reaction has indeed been unaccountable, almost fierce, after the poltroonery of Abadan. One possible reason is that world opinion became so critical, even contemptuous, about the Abadan affair. It may also be noted that the Government stood on slightly stronger ground—though it amounts to much the same thing in the end—in defending a political treaty tahn in upholding a commercial agreement. Finally, whereas the Persian Government succeeded by a narrow margin in keeping the populace in hand, the Egyptian did not, and hardly tried to till the damage had been done. This is an old evil in Egypt which has led to terrible crimes. On November 16, 1924, Zaghlul Pasha came out of the Palace after a stormy

the terms of which she would become a partner with Britain, the United States, France and Turkey in the defence of the Middle East. If British forces remained on Egyptian soil, their status would not differ from that of such forces of the other three States as might be quartered there. There are objections to such an arrangement, but matters have been allowed to deteriorate to such an extent that there remains little hope of friendly Anglo-Egyptian co-operation on any other lines. In the circumstances, therefore, the British Government appears to have done the right thing in agreeing to this arrangement. As I have said, the rejection of the proposal by Egypt should not necessarily be considered final; I should not, indeed,

be surprised to see Egypt in the long run entering a Middle East command under the aegis of the North Atlantic Treaty. Great patience will certainly be required if such a solution is to be found, but it is worth working for. Chewing over useless regrets can serve no good purpose now, and we cannot go back upon our steps. The old days are gone.

Egypt, however, does not comprise all the responsibilities of Britain which this trouble has brought into prominence. It must be confessed that our particular responsibility for the Sudan, honourable though it is, increases the difficulty of a settlement with Egypt. We have given a pledge that the Sudan shall eventually be free to follow its own course, whether this leads to independence or to union with Egypt. The Condominium has lived on, though in practice greatly weakened by the steps taken by Lord Allenby to restrain Egyptian influence in the Sudan, after the murder of Sir Lee Stack in 1924. It has done something to maintain Egyptian

own unaided efforts. Unfortunately, she has now put herself into a position from which she must find it difficult to withdraw. Such is often the penalty of rash and inconsiderate action. Yet it is only fair to add that there has been a rather brighter side to her conduct since, and that she has not disregarded the obligations of a civilised State to protect foreign nationals in its territory, whatever its relations with their Governments.

Among the few who have taken the Egyptian part in this country some have asserted that the offer to Egypt is a humiliating one in itself and that she is being called upon to act as the servant of the Great Powers. This is a day when power speaks with a louder voice than ever and weakness is given less of a hearing. Yet "power politics" do not affect Egypt alone. Our own country and France have lost some of the freedom of action which they formerly enjoyed, because they are no longer in a position to talk with the United States on terms of full equality. That is not necessarily a humiliation. Egypt would play a secondary part in the purely military side of the defence of the Middle East because she does not possess the strength to do more. She is not alone in such a position. France, for all her recent military recovery and the growth of her forces, plays and must play a secondary part in the defence of Western Europe to that which she undertook in 1914 and even in 1939. Britain in the Second World War had to resign herself to action of which she disapproved. Egypt, however, would enter such a treaty as has been proposed to her by the four Powers on terms of equality as a sovereign nation.

It will be noted that I have written in moderate terms. This is because I can appreciate the feeling of the Egyptian Government that its grievances, or believed grievances, were not being given due attention. In my final words I want to make it clear that in my opinion this country ought not to yield to the threat of force, but should, on the contrary, stand firmly on its rights under the treaty until this has been replaced by a wider settlement of a satisfactory kind. From the military point of view it appears possible to maintain our position even if Egypt should proceed to extremes. As regards our communications, we possess the great advantage that Egypt can maintain her forces east of the Canal only if we allow trains to pass through. She is unlikely to interfere with our water-supply in the Canal Zone, because a large number of her own nationals are equally dependent upon it. She can withhold her labour, and as I write a considerable proportion of that has already ceased to work; but we can at a pinch do without it for some time. Should there arise the question of an attempted prohibition of access to the Canal, then, as a last resort, we are capable of taking over both Port Said and Suez. I sincerely hope that we shall not be put to such a test, but if we are we ought to meet it fairly and squarely. Any sign of weakness now, on top of all the weakness of the past, would prove fatal.

The point which should always be borne in mind is that incidents of this sort do not stand by themselves.



COVERING BRITISH SIGNS OVER SHOPS IN CAIRO: EGYPTIANS USING CLOTH AND PAPER TO REMOVE FROM VIEW ALL BUT ARABIC SIGNS. THE OBLITERATION OF NON-ARABIC CHARACTERS LATER SPREAD TO MOTOR-CAR LICENCE PLATES, WHICH BEAR IDENTIFYING LETTERS AND NUMBERS IN BOTH ARABIC AND LATIN CHARACTERS.

The activities of the anti-British mobs in Cairo resulted in the principal streets looking very strange, with shop fronts shrouded in brown paper, flimsy cloth, or sometimes with an Egyptian flag. This covering up of signs in non-Arabic characters led to a leading article in the *Egyptian Gazette* pointing out that the Latin alphabet was not invented by Britain, the United States, France or Turkey, and it could not see how "the brown-paper brigade" thought it was furthering any cause.

interview with King Fuad and thanked the hooligans who had been shouting "Saad or Revolution!" outside. On the 19th, the Sirdar, Sir Lee Stack, received his fatal wounds—with consequences for Egypt which are even yet not effaced.

However, I am not proposing to write any more about past history or emphasise further what must be plain to nearly everybody: that the dangerous situation in which we have found ourselves in Egypt has been due in the main to our own fault and to the disastrous precedent of Abadan. I am now looking ahead, a rash proceeding with respect to the Middle East, about which prophecy is so constantly refuted. I may even have been wrong in mine of last week, that Egypt would refuse to enter an international defence pact, because a possibility still exists that she will reconsider her answer. I have on many occasions pointed out here that the whole structure of Middle East defence hinges upon Egypt. It is, of course, possible to build up a new structure omitting Egypt, but it appears to me unlikely that this could be made equally strong. When a command is set up containing forces of all three Services of the strength required in the Middle East, it needs a vast system of workshops and stores, with relatively intelligent and educated labour to work in them under military supervision. In meeting this requirement, together with its central position and its external and internal communications, Egypt is unique.

Our difficulties have long roots. Some of the seeds were sown during the Second World War, when our Egyptian policy, correct so far as Whitehall was concerned, was marred by bungling and want of tact at the other end. After that, I remember thinking at the time that we were keeping troops in Cairo too long, so that when we withdrew them to the Canal Zone we should not get credit for our action. In fact, we got none. Since then various controversies have arisen, but the main issue has been concerned with the presence of British troops. The Egyptian Government, whatever may have been the case lately, did not at an earlier stage decline British aid in defence in the event of war. Its demand was—I am simplifying the case as much as possible—that all British forces should be withdrawn, to return to the Canal only on the invitation of Egypt. This is, on the face of it, not unreasonable, but it is from the military point of view a very dangerous condition. A strategic move should always, when possible, be carried out before the state of emergency reaches its height, because the outbreak of war while it is in progress may lead to disaster.

It has now been proposed to Egypt that there should be substituted for the treaty a wider one, under

prestige. Now the Egyptian Government has sought to break British links with the Sudan as well as with Egypt herself and to bring the Sudan directly under the Egyptian crown. Whatever may happen in Egypt, this must be resisted. It would, however, be worth while proclaiming still more clearly that the option of the Sudan is a real one, and that we intend to do nothing likely to narrow it. It would from this point of view be desirable that we should give unmistakable proof of our intention to proceed with such political reforms as would enable the people of the Sudan to speak with an ever clearer voice on this matter. Go back on our pledges we cannot.

The position of Turkey has now become of great importance. Until the First World War, when Egypt was declared a protectorate and the Khedive Abbas Hilmi was deposed, Turkey had been Egypt's overlord. Her power was limited, yet at certain periods in the nineteenth century she had exercised considerable influence. She still possesses filiations with Egypt which might lead to respect for advice coming from her, if the heat engendered by the Egyptian Government's action were given an opportunity to cool. There is good reason to believe that the Turkish Government is at present exerting itself to persuade Egypt of the desirability of reconsidering the proposal by the four Powers which she so summarily rejected. As I have pointed out, in calmer moments she is fully aware of the danger in which she stands and of the impossibility of her defending the Suez Canal by her



SURGING ACROSS THE BOULAC BRIDGE, IN CAIRO, TOWARDS ZAMALEK: ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATORS WHO CHEERED RUSSIA AND CALLED FOR SUPPORT AND ARMS TO "FIGHT WESTERN IMPERIALISTS."

A surrender to force such as that of Abadan produces not only crippling loss on the spot, but also loss of prestige and power wherever else there appear to be chinks in our armour. One hears people say that in certain circumstances we cannot afford to stand for our rights because of the risk involved. There may be such circumstances, but in most cases a more pertinent consideration is whether we can afford to abandon our rights. To do so may well involve greater risks and heavier demands upon our resources in the future, as has been the case in Egypt. The nation which allows itself to be defeated in what may be called cold war battles in order to keep its forces intact for a possible hot war, may find that it has so prejudiced their position as to leave it virtually indefensible.





A CENTURY OF BRITISH GENERAL ELECTIONS: THE FORTUNES OF THE POLITICAL PARTIES ILLUSTRATED DIAGRAMMATICALLY; SHOWING THE DURATION OF PARLIAMENTS AND GOVERNMENT MAJORITIES FROM 1852 TO 1951.

With only the results at Barnsley, Argyll, and Western Isles still to be declared, the Conservative majority over all parties in the 1951 General Election was 18. It is interesting to compare this figure with the majorities over the Opposition held by the parties which have been in power, and the duration of their terms of office, since 1852. In some cases the majority given includes the parties allied to the Government. For example, in 1910 the Liberals had a majority of two over the Conservatives, but formed a Government with the support of 40 Labour M.P.s and 82 Irish Nationalists. At the time of the

Dissolution of the last Parliament, October 5, the state of the parties in the House of Commons (including three seats vacant) gave the Government a majority of four over all other parties. With a slender majority, and in spite of continuous challenges, the last Parliament maintained themselves in office for over eighteen months. None the less, the last Parliament was aptly described as "an exercise in frustration," and all parties agreed that the time had come for a fresh mandate from the people. The diagram on this page, previously published in our issue of March 4, 1950, has been revised and brought up to date.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.





WAITING AT THE FOOT OF NELSON'S COLUMN TO HEAR THE FIRST RESULTS OF THE BATTLE OF ST. CRISPIN'S DAY: PART OF THE CROWD THAT GATHERED IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON ELECTION NIGHT.

As early as 8 p.m. on Election night, October 25, crowds began to gather in the West End of London to follow the fortunes of the Parties. Results were flashed on screens in Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square where, by midnight, it was estimated that there was a crowd of 15,000. As the noise of cheers and counter-cheers and the shouts of Party partisans grew upon the night air, the countless starlings kept up a running commentary. The first result was flashed on the screen, erected on the upper floor of the Canadian Pacific building, at 10.55 p.m. and a resounding cheer, only equalled by resounding boos, greeted the news that Labour



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had retained Watford by 508 votes after a re-count. In Piccadilly Circus, where Eros had been boarded up, the crowds were so large that extra police had to be moved in to control them. Cries of "We want Churchill!" vied with shouts for Mr. Attlee. It was a cold night, with no moon, and harrow boys did a roaring trade with hot chestnuts and soft drinks. The excitement of Election night followed a polling day in which the weather had done nothing to hinder the voters, and reports, at the time of writing, indicate high polling figures. The King sat up late for the first time since his operation, to listen to the first results.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## - AND THE OTHER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

IT was my intention last week to discuss this, that, and the other—various odds and ends in my garden. Before I had finished with "this and that," however, I ran out

of space, so that "the other" has had to spill over to this week.

In writing about garden pests recently, I mentioned how ants carried off the seeds of hardy cyclamen in my Alpine house and left them lying about on the soil of pans and pots containing other plants. This rather puzzled me. Obviously, they had some object in carrying out this laborious task, and laborious it must be, for the cyclamen seed is about the size of a mustard seed and well on the solid, weighty side. A cynic might imagine that they did it for its annoyance value. But the most elementary acquaintance with formic psychology rules out this theory. There is nothing frivolous about an ant's make-up. They are for ever fussily busy and laboriously purposeful. Since I wrote the article, a learned friend has written explaining the mystery of the cyclamen seeds or, anyway, partially explaining it. The seeds are coated with a sticky, sugary substance, and it is to enjoy this that the ants carry them off. Incidentally, this is to the cyclamen's advantage. It is a means of getting the seeds distributed and left where they will have a chance of germinating and growing without competition from the parent corm. It is easy to believe that the ants are attracted by the sugary coating of the seeds, but for the life of me I cannot see why they go to the trouble of carrying the feast several feet, or yards, before enjoying it. It is not as though they took the seeds to the home larder. It would seem to be so much more convenient to enjoy the sugar coating of the pill on the spot, in the shade of the cyclamen's own leaves. Perhaps they are impelled by the same urge that makes a dog, when given a bone above a certain size, carry it off into the garden.

There is another odd thing about the seeding of the hardy cyclamen. As the seed capsules swell and ripen, their stems contract into a spiral, or corkscrew, spring, drawing them close into the parent corm. Why? I have heard it suggested that the coiled spring is to assist in the distribution of the seeds by shooting them away from the plant. But that seems to me to be topsy-turvy poppy-cock. The only way in which the coiled spring could function, as a spring, would be if someone pulled it out straight and then released it, and that could only shoot the seeds towards the plant, and not away. It seems more likely that the coiling and retracting of stems is to draw the seed capsules into the shelter of the canopy of leaves, so that they may not be devoured by some marauding species of bird.

It is all very difficult. Anyway, you have been warned. If you want to save and sow the seeds of your hardy cyclamen *C. neapolitanum* and the rest, you must watch the big, round capsules and harvest the crop directly they split open. Otherwise the ants will have them. If, on the other hand, you want a colony of cyclamen in the open to increase by seeding about, it seems fairly safe to leave the distribution and sowing to the ants.

In writing about the lovely *Milla biflora* I did the flowers an injustice, I described the snow-white, six-lobed star flowers as being about 2 ins. across. I have since measured one, and found that it was a

good 3 ins. in diameter, though some had been nearer 2 than 3 ins. The measurement of individual flowers is often most deceiving. On looking at one of the larger blossoms of a good polyanthus primrose, for instance, one might say offhand that it was as big as a half-crown. But place a half-crown on the flower and, if it is a really good one, you will probably find that a five-shilling piece would have been nearer

that was the end; its last day and night upon earth. Next morning the blossom faded and closed for ever. An interesting observation, if not important. What is important

will be to grow *Milla biflora* next summer. Everyone who saw it flowering here fell for it—heavily.

An uncommon and very promising border plant

which I am growing for the first time is *Verbascum 'Broussa'*. I saw it three years ago flowering on a nursery. It was the finest verbascum or mullein I had ever met. My recollection is of an immense and stately plant, with huge, densely downy, silvery leaves and a 7- or 8-ft. spire, also downy with silvery fur, and strung from top to bottom with big, primrose-yellow flowers. I ordered a plant, and in due course received a plant with felty, grey leaves, which produced the following year 18-in. stems carrying flowers like a hawk-weed. What this rogue is I do not know, and don't care. No charge was made for it, but it was tiresome losing a whole year. Last spring I obtained a small specimen of *Verbascum 'Broussa'* from another source, and planted it out in a mixed border, where it has grown into an impressive and almost frightening monster rosette of magnificent leaves. Many of them measure a foot across, and the whole rosette is a good 4 ft. in diameter. Next summer it should be a superb picture in silver-grey and primrose. The plant is, I believe, monocarpic, or a biennial, but if it seeds and colonises as freely as the other monocarpic mulleins, it should be a grand plant to have about the garden, and surplus seedlings should be easy to give away, or just liquidate with the hoe.

Any day now, the dahlias will come to an end—and what a sudden end it is! One evening they are a riot of

splendid colour. Then a night frost, and next morning leaves and blossoms hang from the stems in a mourning drapery of sodden, slimy crêpe. This is a better end, however, than the dreary lingering of some of the outdoor chrysanthemums, which often disfigure the borders until Christmas or even later. I like flowers which know when they have done their job and served their purpose. If they persist in hanging on, long after their time, as faded, raddled hags, the best thing is to cut them down and reduce them to compost as quickly as may be. This year I have grown a dozen pigmy dahlias of a race which I first met at an R.H.S. show in 1950. They go by the odd name of "Tom Mix" dahlias. I ordered a mixed dozen, and there have been three colours among them. A pale pink, a deeper pink, and a darkish, wallflower crimson. The plants grow about a foot high, or a trifle more, and the tiny single flowers are 1½ in. in diameter. Although they have made good, bushy plants and have flowered freely, they have not made

a particularly effective show this year when growing in the border. In a warmer, sunnier summer they might well be good as growing plants. But for cutting they have been delightful, especially when arranged in a bowl, with a good deal of their surplus foliage removed. They are enchanting that way, though they somehow hardly suggest dahlias. Most people, on seeing them, exclaim: "What charming little things. What are they?"; in the manner of Tommy Handley when Mrs. Mopp brought her strange offerings, "Oh, isn't that nice—what is it?" I shall certainly grow pigmy dahlias again next year.



THE BLACK MULLEIN (*VERBASCUM NIGRUM*) GROWING IN MASSIVE DIGNITY—

Many varieties of mullein are known to the gardener; and to the botanist the scene is even more crowded and unmapped, calling for much effort by a selfless geographer. There are over 200 species named, many of which may be local variants rather than true species. The name 'Broussa,' to which Mr. Elliott refers, is a Turkish place-name, and simply indicates in this context that the particular species was collected in that district. The variety (or species) is believed to be near the Balkan *V. pannosum*, a famous plant of which prospered for some fourteen years at Kew in the late 'thirties and early 'forties.

Photographs by A. Harold Bastin.



—AND SOME OF ITS INDIVIDUAL FLOWERING STALKS.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE NEAT AND GRACEFUL FLOWERHEADS OF *CYCLAMEN NEAPOLITANUM*, WHOSE SEEDHEADS ARE LOWERED TO THE GROUND BY THE STALK FORMING A TIGHTENING SPIRAL—WHEN THEIR SUGARY COATING SERVES TO ATTRACT THE TRANSPORT SERVICES OF THE ANTS.

Photograph by Miss D. Bacon.

the mark. As to the scent of *Milla biflora*, I have found a curious thing about it. I described the flowers as deliciously fragrant, especially at night. This is so—with a slight qualification. When the flowers first open, they are mildly fragrant by day and very powerfully fragrant by night. But I brought one, flowering in a pot, into the house for greater enjoyment. It had been open for a week or more. During its first day indoors it did not smell at all as it had done by day earlier, but was very fragrant in the evening. The next evening, although we tested it at intervals several times, it was entirely scentless until midnight, when it was as powerful as ever. But



# THE ODYSSEY OF SOME AUSTRALIAN WEEDS FOUND IN AN ENGLISH FIELD.



A HEAP OF "GREY SHODDY"—WOOL REFUSE—READY FOR USE AS MANURE IN A FIELD, AND (BY ACCIDENT) A FRUITFUL SOURCE OF AUSTRALIAN WEEDS IN ENGLAND.



A CLOSE-UP OF "GREY SHODDY"—I.E., WOOL REFUSE, FULL OF BURRS AND SEED-HEADS—WITH A THREEPENNY-PIECE TO GIVE THE SCALE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.



A BURR-SEEDED MEDICK (*MEDICAGO HISPIDA*) FOUND GROWING IN ENGLAND, FROM SEEDS BROUGHT IN WOOL FROM AUSTRALIA, OF AN ORIGINALLY EUROPEAN PLANT.



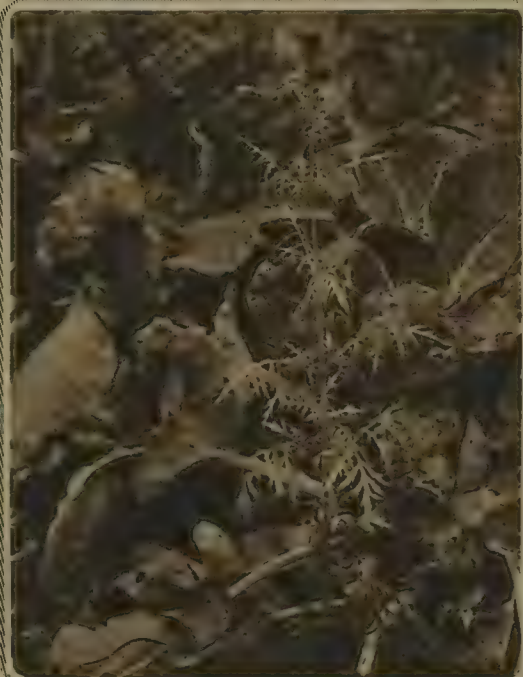
WHERE SEEDS FROM THE "GREY SHODDY" HAVE GROWN IN A RAILWAY SIDING: NEW WORLD WEEDS WHICH HAVE COME VIA AUSTRALIA. A *TAGETES* AND TWO *BIDENS*.



A GIANT GOOSEFOOT (*CHENOPODIUM GIGANTEUM*), SOME 8 FT. HIGH, AFTER TRANSPLANTING. A EUROPEAN NATIVE, BUT REINTRODUCED FROM AUSTRALIAN WOOL.



THE BATHURST BURR (*XANTHIUM SPINOSUM*), A WEED IN AUSTRALIA, TO WHICH IT CAME FROM CHILE. HERE SEEN GROWING IN AN ENGLISH MIDLAND FARM.



A NORTH AMERICAN WEED (*BIDENS BIPINNATA*) GROWING AMONG ENGLISH BRUSSELS SPROUTS, AFTER ACCIDENTAL INTRODUCTION FROM AUSTRALIA IN SHODDY.



THE HOOKED AWNS OF THE HERONSBILL (*ERODIUM BOTRYS*), A MEDITERRANEAN WEED, WELL ESTABLISHED IN AUSTRALIA AND NOW AN "ESCAPE" IN ENGLAND.



AN AUSTRALIAN NATIVE IN ENGLAND FOR FESTIVAL YEAR: THE SPLENDID RAGWORT (*SENECIO LAUTUS*), AN ESCAPE FROM SHODDY, GROWING AMONG RAILWAY LINES.

Odysseus, the classic wanderer of ancient times, was almost invariably described by Homer as "much enduring" and "full of wiles." The epithets are equally deserved by some twenty-odd kinds of weed found growing this year in a Midland English field which had travelled even further. These weeds were "escapes" from "grey shoddy" which was being used as field manure. This "grey shoddy" is the waste wool from Yorkshire mills, too full of impurities for use, and the wool had come in the first place from Australia. The impurities were mostly burrs and clinging seeds entangled

in the sheep's coat, and these seeds promptly germinated. Some twenty varieties were lately exhibited at a meeting of the Botanical Society of the British Isles by Dr. J. G. Dony and Mr. J. E. Lousley, and a further interesting point appeared. The majority of the plants were not Australian natives, but their ancestral seeds had previously made equally long journeys to Australia—from the Mediterranean basin, from North America and from Chile. The plants for the most part are too tender for an English winter and do not seem likely to be "dangerous invaders."



## FROM A LONDON EXHIBITION: LIFE AND SEASCAPES BY OLD MASTERS.



"THE FERRY"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1656), A CHARACTERISTIC LANDSCAPE BY THE CELEBRATED DUTCH PAINTER. SIGNED AND DATED 1643. (29½ by 42 ins.)

THE autumn exhibition of "Fine Pictures by Old Masters," arranged by Thomas Agnew and Sons at their Old Bond Street Galleries, covers a very wide field in art, and ranges over a number of European countries and schools. On this and the following page we reproduce a selection of the works on view to give some idea of the importance of the display, which includes works by early painters of the Austrian School, and by masters of the Netherlands, Italy, France and England. On page 719 we illustrate two outstandingly beautiful landscapes by Hubert Robert, who was often called "Robert des Ruines" on account of his fondness for painting classical architecture and remains, a taste acquired when he was taken to Rome by his patron, the future Duc de Choiseul. Robert, who enjoyed a considerable success when he returned to France from Italy, painted both realistic and fantastic views of Paris. He also designed gardens. The works on view also include two examples of spacious and tranquil Richard Wilson landscapes characteristic of that great English artist. Another English painter represented is George Stubbs, an artist whose high quality has comparatively

[Continued above, right.]



"THE SALUTE"; BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE YOUNGER (1633-1707). AN IMPORTANT WORK MENTIONED BY WAAGEN AND HOFSTEDE DE GROOT. SIGNED. (20½ by 24½ ins.)

[Continued.]

recently come to be fully recognised. He is best known as a painter of horses, but was equally successful with many other animals. "The Madonna of the Annunciation" is a gentle and appealing painting by Piazzetta, an artist who

[Continued below, left.]



"A PEASANT WOMAN IN HER KITCHEN"; BY QUIRYN BREKELENKAM (1620-1668), A HOMELY DUTCH INTERIOR. (18 by 14 ins.)

[Continued.]

exercised considerable influence over the development of Gian Battista Tiepolo, the Venetian eighteenth-century master. He was a pupil of Antonio Molinari and in 1750 became the first Director of the Academy of Venice and was enrolled an honorary member of the Clementine Academy at Bologna. The interiors reproduced from the exhibition on this page (above) are a striking contrast in style and subject. The elegant and delightfully artificial Venetian conversation piece by Pietro Longhi, who lived and worked in his native Venice and painted the gay and decorative life of the eighteenth century as he knew it there, is in



"LE LEVER"; BY PIETRO LONGHI (1702-1785), A CONVERSATION PIECE REPRESENTING LIFE IN ELEGANT EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VENICE. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES FLIPPART. (27½ by 23 ins.)

outstandingly fine condition. The homely kitchen scene of "A Peasant Woman in Her Kitchen," by Quiryn Brekelenkam, a pupil of Gérard Dou, is a characteristic example of Dutch seventeenth-century *genre* painting. The meticulous skill with which the artists of the Low Countries painted the furnishings and equipment of the cottages and bourgeois houses of their contemporaries add considerable documentary interest to their masterpieces, as they present a complete reconstruction of the manners and life in seventeenth-century Holland. Jan van Goyen, one of the earliest of the great series of landscape painters of the

[Continued opposite.]



# PAINTING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: OLD MASTERS IN A LONDON SHOW.



"A CASTLE IN WALES"; BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A. (1714-1782), A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE SPACIOUS STYLE OF THE GREAT ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER. (39 by 50 ins.)



"THE MADONNA OF THE ANNUNCIATION"; BY GIOVANNI-BATTISTA PIAZZETTA (1682-1754). (20½ by 16 ins.)



"A HORSE IN A LANDSCAPE"; BY GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A. (1724-1806), AN EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S MASTERLY PAINTING OF ANIMALS. (40 by 50 ins.)



"LES LAVANDIÈRES"; BY HUBERT ROBERT (1733-1808), GENERALLY CALLED "ROBERT DES RUINES" ON ACCOUNT OF HIS LOVE OF PAINTING CLASSICAL REMAINS. (68 by 42 ins.)

*Continued.* Netherlands, is represented by a characteristic coastal view bathed in golden sunlight. He found his subjects among the waterways and on the coasts of his country, and peopled his scenes with peasants occupied with their rustic avocations. The Van de Velde, Willem, the Elder and Willem, the Younger, were among the most celebrated maritime artists of the seventeenth century, and though of Dutch birth they came to England and worked for Charles II. "The Salute," by Willem Van de Velde, the Younger, is a fine painting, with a well-documented history. It is signed, and was formerly in the collections of Mr. G. Tunnichiff,



"LA FONTAINE"; BY HUBERT ROBERT (1733-1808), A PAIR TO "LES LAVANDIÈRES." BOTH PAINTINGS WERE FORMERLY IN A PRIVATE FRENCH COLLECTION. (68 by 42 ins.)

Lord Northwick and Mr. N. Allen Poynder. It is noted by Hofstede de Groot; and the ubiquitous Dr. Waagen also saw it and recorded it in his painstaking work, "Art Treasures in Great Britain." The works on view also include "The Rest on the Flight Into Egypt," by Gentileschi, a group notable for its splendour of colour, one of four known versions of the subject by this artist; and the magnificent "Death of Dido," by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, a painting illustrated in our issue of June 18, 1949, shortly after it had come to light in a sale-room under romantic circumstances.



## THE ROYAL JOURNEY IN CANADA: T.R.H. PRINCESS VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA, ON THE



THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE ARRIVING IN VANCOUVER IN WINTERY WEATHER ON OCTOBER 20: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS STEPPING FROM THE TRAIN, FOLLOWED BY HER CONSORT.



SHOWING THE STREETS LINED WITH SPECTATORS ANXIOUS TO GREET THE ROYAL VISITORS: ONE OF THE LONG PROCESSIONS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



SHELTERED BY AN UMBRELLA: THE PRINCESS ACCEPTING A BOUQUET IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, WHERE SHE PLANTED A COMMEMORATIVE OAK.



HEADED BY THE CAR CARRYING THE WAVING: THE ROYAL PROCESSION



DEPARTING INTO DOCK WITH THE ROYAL COUPLE ON BOARD: H.M.C.S. CELESTEE, IN WHICH THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE MADE THE JOURNEY FROM VANCOUVER TO VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND.



PART OF THE ENTERTAINMENT WHICH THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE WATCHED IN THUNDERBIRD PARK, VICTORIA: INDIAN DANCES. A GATHERING OF CHIEFS OF INDIAN BANDS ALSO TOOK PLACE.



THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE IN THEIR OPEN CAR: THEY DROVE THROUGH THE STREETS OF VANCOUVER AND RECEIVED A ROUSING WELCOME.

## ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISIT PACIFIC COAST OF THE DOMINION.



PRINCESS AND THE DUKE, WHO IS PASSING THROUGH VANCOUVER.



AT THE SHAUGHNESSY MILITARY HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHO SERVED IN THE A.T.S., WITH A CANADIAN SERVICE WOMAN PATIENT.



CHATTING WITH THE TINY BOY MASCOT OF ONE OF THE TEAMS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE FORUM, VANCOUVER, WHERE THEY SAW A BOX LACROSSE GAME.



AT THE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, VICTORIA: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STANDING BESIDE THE PRINCESS AS SHE SIGNS THE BOOK.

(Continued.)  
to Government House, where they were the guests of Mr. Wallace, the Lieutenant-Governor, and Mrs. Wallace. On October 23, after fulfilling engagements in Victoria, Princess Elizabeth left by car, with the Duke of Edinburgh at the wheel, for Eagle Crest Lodge, 106 miles north of the capital, to have a well-earned three days' rest before starting on the second part of their tour. During the first fortnight, the Royal visitors travelled some 8000 miles by road, train, sea and air. In some places they had continuous engagements for as long as fourteen hours at a stretch.



SHOWING THE EXTERIOR OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, AND THE HUGE CROWD WHICH ASSEMBLED: THE SCENE AS THE ROYAL VISITORS DROVE OFF.



ON BOARD H.M.C.S. CELESTEE, IN WHICH THEY CROSSED FROM VANCOUVER TO VICTORIA: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE VISIT TO PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, THE BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, ON OCTOBER 21: THE PRINCESS ACCEPTING A BOUQUET.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### BUGS, HOBGOBLINS AND ZOOLOGISTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WE found the bug as we were walking across the heath, perched on a rotten stump, its colours harmonising closely with the powdery surface of the wood. Less than half-an-inch long from the front of the head to the tip of the abdomen, it was patterned a deep brown, relieved with patches of light brown, and was covered for the most part with hair-like bristles that glistened in the sun with the colour of old gold. Obviously it was one of the Hemiptera. This much was apparent from the well-developed beak, but the general narrowness of the body, of both the thorax and the abdomen, the small size of the head and the long legs, recalled the appearance of the long-bodied spiders found in the same situation. An entomologist colleague gave me its identification, *Coranus subapterus*, of the family Reduviidae, a bug common on heathland and preying on other insects.

Popular prejudice can be allayed if we speak of a certain insect as one of the Hemiptera, but is aroused the moment we refer to it by its common name, bug. To say that we found a bug while walking over the heath is to burden this narrative from the beginning. Yet none of us objects to the word bugbear or hobgoblin, though bogy is perhaps more ill-favoured. Yet, prior to the sixteenth century, bugge denoted a hobgoblin. A bugbear was a hobgoblin in the guise of a bear, and both this and bogy were ultimately used to indicate something imaginary causing needless fear. By the usual alchemy of language the name, in its present form, was applied to things that creep and crawl, to insects, and especially to beetles, to spiders and woodlice. The origins of the word may have unpleasant associations, but it was the bed-bug that gave the word its final distasteful sound. Perhaps the entomologists were ill-advised to allow the name to serve for the sub-order Heteroptera, to which the bed-bug belongs. Through this, the whole of the order Hemiptera has acquired for ever an aura of distaste. Yet it is an order containing many members which are both beautiful and attractive. After all, there are black sheep in every fold and most, if not all, orders of insects contain some which are distasteful to all but the ardent entomologist (or "bug-hunter"!).

*Coranus subapterus* is anything but unpleasant to look at or handle, but what aroused my interest was that while I should have recognised it, because of its beak-like rostrum, as a bug in the strict sense, meaning it is one of the order Hemiptera, I should have been in some doubt because of the general form of the body. It underlines a point of major interest, that within an order of insects containing many thousands of species, there should be so little variation in the mouth-parts and so much diversity in the body as a whole. The mouth-parts of an insect consist of a definite set of structures, the labrum, mandibles, maxillae, and a labium. In the Hemiptera the mandibles and maxillae are greatly modified, and lie, when not in use, in a beak (or proboscis or rostrum) formed by the labium, the labrum being comparatively insignificant. Thus is formed a combined piercing and sucking organ. The great majority of the Hemiptera feed on the sap of plants, the troublesome aphides being the most familiar of them, and a small number of species have taken to sucking blood and may be either predatory (as *Coranus*) or semi-parasitic (as the bed-bug). Whatever their diet, the beak-like proboscis formed by the mouth-parts offers the most constant criterion for their recognition.

In contrast to the constant form of the proboscis the body varies enormously. It would not be possible to describe here even a few of the many forms known. There are the Flattinae, rivaling the butterflies for colour and, under certain circumstances,

easily taken for them at first glance. On a smaller scale, the harlequin-bugs and fire-bugs are equally beautiful; so are many of the shield-bugs, some of which, with

metallic green or bronze colours, could easily be mistaken for beetles. From the sombre colours and simple form of the bed-bug, we can pass to the familiar aphides, to the long-legged pond-skaters, the water-boatmen, the assassin-bug, looking like a stick insect,

to the brilliant forms of the Oriental lantern-flies. Or we may pass by way of the white-flies of the greenhouse to the scale insects, in which the female assumes the form of a hard scale fastened to the bark of trees or shrubs, and resembling it in colour, while the male is a minute winged form, outwardly very like a small fly. All are bugs and, though some may deceive the uninitiated at first sight, all are recognisable by the proboscis typical of their order.

This relative uniformity of the proboscis combined with variability of the body and legs, and of the habits, of the many kinds of bugs, is not without its general significance to those dealing with the classification of animals as a whole. Our present system of classification seeks to group animals according to their relationships. It is frankly evolutionary in form; and while there may be in it certain weak spots, it is, on the whole, satisfactory as a means of arranging animals in a logical order. There are, however, those who would seek to revise our methods, who would be prepared to discard the system so painstakingly built up, and try to devise a system that ignored what

we believe are natural relationships to group all animals according to function or on some other basis. How this would end, were it to be adopted, it is difficult to forecast. Among the lower invertebrates, at any rate, it would end in chaos. Whether it could be made to work efficiently for any of the higher animals is probably beyond anyone's competence to forecast.

For example, in the order Hemiptera, the bugs, we find that some are aquatic, some are terrestrial. Some are wingless, most are winged. All suck juices for a living, either animal juices or plant juices. Of the carnivorous bugs, some suck the blood of vertebrates, others prey on smaller insects. Among those living on plant juices, some attack leaves, others fruits, or twigs, stems, even roots, like the seventeen-year locust of North America, a cicada that takes seventeen years from the laying of an egg until the grub hatching from it reaches maturity. Probably no other group of insects shows such great diversity in form, if not in function. On the other hand, all have in common an incomplete development, the larvæ differing little from the adults except in size and the absence of wings. As to the adults, except those that are wingless, the four wings are all of similar texture or, at most, the front pair may be stiffer and less membranous than the hind pair. To the student of their anatomy, they show a strong likeness, however much the proportions of their bodies, legs and antennæ, or their habits, may differ. It is not difficult to imagine that they are all cast in a similar mould, or to believe that they may have been derived from a common ancestor. The principle of classification on the basis of relationship is fully justified. And, above all, each has the mouth-parts arranged to form a beak, that hallmark of a bug.

Classification is a means to an end, not an end in itself. Our present system of classification of living things, whatever its weaknesses, has grown up over two centuries or more, and is now reaching some measure of stability. It has been a natural growth, it has evolved—like the meaning of the word bug itself. Most important, it serves its purpose. It would be as easy to convert the English-speaking world to using the word bug to mean only hobgoblin as it would be to persuade zoologists to start all over again and work out a new classification. It would be a bugbear!



HAVING THE TYPICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF A PREDATOR—LONG LEGS, A LIGHTLY BUILT BODY AND WELL-DEVELOPED SENSE-ORGANS (IN THIS CASE LONG ANTENNAE AND LARGE EYES): *CORANUS SUBAPTERUS*, ONE OF THE REDUVIID BUGS, WHICH IS COMMON ON HEATHLANDS.



RESEMBLING ONE OF THE LONG-BODIED SPIDERS WHEN SEEN AGAINST ITS USUAL BACKGROUND AND POISED ON ITS LONG LEGS: *CORANUS SUBAPTERUS*, WHICH IS LESS THAN HALF-AN-INCH LONG AND PATTERNED A DEEP BROWN, RELIEVED WITH PATCHES OF LIGHT BROWN.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

#### "AN IDEAL GIFT"

THE annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved. Those who find it difficult to select the ideal gift (especially for dispatch to friends overseas when the question of packing and other difficulties have to be considered) and seek something to give lasting pleasure and continually to remind the recipient of the affection that the donor feels for him or her, will find the answer in a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it, whether he be near at hand or far away. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)





**A ROYAL ENGINE-DRIVER : PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON THE FOOTPLATE OF THE ROYAL TRAIN ; ON THE WAY TO EDMONTON.**

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh spent the last evening of their three-day holiday at Eagle Crest Lodge, Vancouver Island, listening to the British General Election results broadcast by Canadian wireless stations. On October 26 the Royal visitors returned to Vancouver by destroyer and began their eastward journey by train. On their way from the Pacific coast to Edmonton, which they reached on the afternoon of October 27, Princess

Elizabeth drove the Royal train's 315-ton locomotive for twenty minutes after they had crossed the Rocky Mountains. She drove the train for more than fourteen miles from Yates to Peers, covering the distance in twenty minutes. For the footplate she wore a light-blue raincoat, kerchief, black rubber overshoes and leather gloves, and her fireman was the Duke of Edinburgh. The locomotive was of the type used for fast passenger traffic.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. GARDENERS' DELIGHT.

By FRANK DAVIS.

in it) is the most sympathetic, partly because his features as expressed in the portrait by Nathaniel Dance seem to betray a mixture of shrewdness and good-humour, and partly because he is so notable an example of a poor boy making good. He worked in Lord Cobham's gardens at Stowe, where he met William Kent and, after the latter's death in 1748, he was the undisputed leader of his profession and the target of a great deal of abuse from his rivals, one of whom was that genuinely gifted bigwig, Sir William Chambers, to whom we owe not only Somerset House but the Pagoda at Kew. The latter's

"A Dissertation on Oriental Gardening" (No. 37 in the catalogue) is an example of this cantankerous vendetta, and so is No. 39, "The Landscape," a poem by Richard Payne Knight. A picture on the left is meant to represent a "bald" landscape by Brown, while on the right is how Knight would have done it. I mention these two because the first was published in 1772 and the second in 1794, when Brown had been dead for nine years, but his shade was apparently worth abuse. Little men often prefer to attack ghosts—they can't answer back. Brown found a champion in an amateur turned professional, Humphry Repton (1752-1818), and the controversy between the latter and the anti-Brown faction of Payne Knight and another pundit, Uvedale Price, is one of the entertaining curiosities of social history. Miss Stroud reminds us that Shelley immortalised all three as "ill-trained beagles . . . snarling at each other when they could not catch the hare."

In one respect the exhibition is a little tiresome, for some of the items are illustrated books, and books are things meant to be handled, not to be seen in glass cases. Obviously there is no way round this difficulty. None the less, it was pleasant to look once again after many years at examples of the famous Red Notebooks prepared by Repton for his clients. He was very careful with his detail, and would arrange a movable flap over the drawing to show the landscape as he found it and as he proposed to remake it (Fig. 2).

It is of course easy enough to laugh at the various theories of the Genteel and the Picturesque put forward from time to time by these and other eminent persons and their frequent extravagances which, on one occasion at least (I forget who was responsible), produced the theory that every gentleman's garden should contain not only a suitably ruined and gothicised hermitage; but a live hermit as well, and to forget that all the time both the vocal and the silent were men of action and did

in fact put at least some of their precepts into practice to the lasting pleasure not merely of the owners of these great estates, but of their descendants and of the public at large.

There were besides a host of talented amateurs, among them John Aislabie of Studley Royal, to whom Miss Stroud pays tribute in her introduction for that lovely relationship of water and of plantations on the approach to Fountains Abbey—to me, as breath-taking a landscape as any in England.

From the point of view of the collector of early drawings, many of the exhibits are of more than purely gardening interest. For example, there is a drawing by William Kent (lent by the British Museum) of Pope's Villa, Twickenham, showing the Shell Temple and Grotto, with an imaginary fountain on the left. The figures probably represent Kent patting Pope's shoulder, watched by the poet's dog, Bounce (Fig. 3).

In addition to books, original drawings and plans, there are numerous excellent photographs of many of these great landscape gardens as they exist to-day.

YES, I think that is a fair title for this exhibition, and anyway, I would like to say a word or two in praise of the Arts Council, against which certain notabilities have been thundering recently. I have enjoyed this show very much, not because I am a gardener in the proper sense—that is, I don't really know how to make the right things grow in the right places—but because, in my demesne of a few square rods, poles or perches, I can be as fussy over design and layout and as enthusiastic as were my Lord Burlington or the then Duke of Devonshire with their broad acres. The exhibition—official title, "English Landscape Gardening of the Eighteenth and Early Nineteenth Centuries"—has been arranged by Miss Dorothy Stroud, whose *Life of "Capability" Brown* was published last year, and who contributes a lively and learned introduction to the catalogue. By the time these words appear it will have left 4, St. James's Square, but arrangements have been made to show it in various important provincial galleries, including those at Bristol and York, where it will be seen early next year.

Most of us take the average park for granted, forgetting that this aspect of the countryside in the form in which we know it was an invention of the eighteenth century, by which nature was disciplined to imitate the landscapes then most in vogue—those numerous originals by, or more frequently copies of, Claude, Salvator Rosa and Gaspard and Nicolas Poussin which every young sprig with any pretension to taste brought back from the Grand Tour of Europe with which his education was completed.

A man of the calibre of William Kent would design not only home and furniture, but the landscape as well. Where the very rich led the way, lesser mortals followed, so that by 1739 an observer (apparently anonymous) wrote as follows: "Every man now, be his fortune what it will, is to be doing something at his Place, as the fashionable phrase is, and you hardly meet with anybody who, after the first compliments, does not inform you that he is in Mortar and moving of Earth, the modest terms for Building and Gardening. One large Room, a Serpentine River, and a Wood are become the absolute Necessities of Life, without which a Gentleman of the Smallest Fortune thinks he makes no Figure in his Country." This well-balanced piece of prose, neatly accented by the use of capital letters, may be said to set the key of the exhibition, and is itself illustrated by the excellent Rowlandson of Fig. 1, which, though drawn about fifty years later, expresses all the enthusiasm and hints at some of the eccentricities of the age.

Of all the men who played a part in transforming in some degree the face of England—and it was, in fact, a major revolution—Lancelot Brown (called "Capability" Brown from his habit of looking at a landscape and announcing that he saw "capabilities"



FIG. 1. "IMPROVING AN ESTATE": A WATERCOLOUR BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827). "As early as 1739 a writer exclaimed: 'Every man now, be his fortune what it will, is to be doing something at his Place. . . .'" This drawing by Rowlandson, in the "English Landscape Gardening of the Eighteenth and Early Nineteenth Centuries" Exhibition, arranged by the Arts Council, illustrates such improvements in progress. [Lent by Mr. Edward Croft-Murray.]



FIG. 2. REPTON'S NOTEBOOK FOR ATTINGHAM, 1798, ILLUSTRATING THE LODGE GATE BEFORE HIS SUGGESTED ALTERATIONS (LEFT), AND (RIGHT) AS IT WOULD APPEAR AFTER THEY HAD BEEN CARRIED OUT.

"For each of his important clients Humphry Repton (1752-1818) prepared one or more of these books containing his proposals, often employing the device of movable flaps over the drawings to show the effect." The line of the flap may be distinguished in the drawing on the left. [Lent by Lady Berwick and the National Trust.]



FIG. 3. POPE'S VILLA, TWICKENHAM: A DRAWING BY WILLIAM KENT (1685-1748). "A drawing by Kent showing the Shell Temple and Grotto, with an imaginary fountain on the left. The figures probably represent Kent patting Pope's shoulder, watched by the poet's dog, Bounce." [Lent by the British Museum.]



ROYAL OCCASIONS, HIGH POLITICS AND DOMESTIC EVENTS: AT HOME AND ABROAD.



SHOWING THE LARGE TEMPORARY BUILDING ERECTED FOR THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY: THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT, PARIS, FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

During the U.N. General Assembly opening, November 6, the Palais de Chaillot, Paris, becomes international territory. The plenary session, as in 1948, takes place in the theatre, but a temporary building containing offices, restaurants, conference rooms and a printing establishment has been put up.



THE WRECK OF THE BLUEBIRD: SALVAGE WORK IN PROGRESS ON MR. DONALD CAMPBELL'S SPEEDBOAT AFTER THE ACCIDENT ON CONISTON WATER ON OCTOBER 25.

The hopes that had been pinned in Mr. Donald Campbell's speedboat *Bluebird* of regaining the world's water speed record ended on October 25 when the craft, travelling at speed on Coniston Water, hit a submerged obstacle and sank, with very considerable damage.



PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE WELLCOME RESEARCH INSTITUTION, IN THE EUSTON ROAD: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WATCHING A DISTRICT NURSE HANDLING THE MODEL OF A BABY.

Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret on October 23 visited the Wellcome Research Institution in the Euston Road, and inspected the Exhibition of District Nursing. Our photograph shows her watching a district nurse giving a demonstration of domiciliary midwifery, using a life-like model of a newly-born infant.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT SINCE THE KING'S ILLNESS: HER MAJESTY, WITH STUDENTS, AFTER OPENING A NEW EXTENSION TO THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

On October 24 the Queen opened a new extension to the Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine of the University of London in Hunter Street. This was her first public engagement since the King's illness, and in her speech she paid tribute to the skill and devotion of the medical profession.



THE ROYAL VARIETY PERFORMANCE: THE QUEEN, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (RIGHT), AND (LEFT) TWO SISTERS WHO HAVE BEEN NURSING THE KING.

The Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Gloucester attended the Royal Variety Performance at the Victoria Palace on October 29 in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund and Institution. The Royal party, who sat in boxes banked with flowers, included Sister Doreen Pearce (left) and Sister Ruth Beswetherick (right), who have been nursing the King. A landline had been laid from the theatre to Buckingham Palace and the King was able to listen to the performances given by leading variety artistes. This is the first occasion since 1927 that a Command performance has been given at the Victoria Palace.



# SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**VISITING THE MOTOR SHOW AT EARLS COURT ON OCTOBER 22: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH MR. GEOFFREY ROOTES (CENTRE) AND MR. G. E. BEHARRELL.** H.R.H. Princess Margaret spent over an hour touring the Motor Show at Earls Court on October 22. Our photograph shows her with Mr. Geoffrey Rootes, managing director of Humber Ltd., and Mr. G. E. Beharrell, president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, when she visited the Hillman Stand. The Princess showed special interest in the Hillman Minx Sports Convertible Coupé and remarked that it was the same as one owned by the Duke of Edinburgh.



**FLIGHT-LIEUT. JOHN A. QUINTON.** Posthumously awarded the George Cross. Flight-Lieut. Quinton, D.F.C., aged thirty, died with seven others after a Wellington bomber and another R.A.F. aircraft collided over Yorkshire on August 13. As the Wellington plunged to earth he grabbed the only parachute within reach and fastened it on an A.T.C. cadet, who was the only survivor. In giving up the parachute he forfeited any chance of saving his own life.



**THE ARGENTINE DAY OF LOYALTY RECEPTION IN LONDON: H.E. THE ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR AND MME. HOGAN WELCOMING THE LORD MAYOR.** The Argentine Ambassador, Señor Don Carlos Alberto Hogan, and Mme. Hogan held a reception at the Argentine Embassy on October 17 in honour of the Argentine Day of Loyalty, the anniversary of General Perón's triumph six years ago, when he returned from imprisonment in the island fortress of Martin Garcia. Their guests included members of the Corps Diplomatique and other distinguished people. Our photograph shows them welcoming Sir Denys Lawson, London's Festival Year Lord Mayor.



**WIDOW OF KING CARLOS I. OF PORTUGAL, WHO WAS ASSASSINATED IN 1908: THE LATE QUEEN AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL.**

Queen Amélie of Portugal died at her home near Versailles on October 25 at the age of eighty-six. Her father was Louis Philippe Albert, Comte de Paris, and her mother Isabella, an Infanta of Spain. In 1908 she was present when her husband, King Carlos of Portugal, and their son, the Crown Prince Luiz, were assassinated while driving through the streets of Lisbon. Two years later her younger son, who succeeded to the throne as King Manoel, was forced to flee to England, where he died in 1932.



**THE EARL OF SELBORNE.** Formerly Deputy Chairman of the National Provincial Bank, Lord Selborne now becomes chairman. Born in 1887, he was Conservative Member for Newton (1910-18) and Aldershot, from 1918 till he was called to the House of Lords, 1940. He was Minister for Economic Warfare from 1942-45.



**MAJOR-GEN. HEMMING.** Appointed G.O.C. Malta, Major-General W. E. C. Hemming has just taken up his command. Born in 1899, he joined the Royal Artillery in 1917, became a full Colonel in 1946, and a Brigadier in 1947. He is a gunnery expert and was created a C.B.E. His rank as Major-General is temporary.



**DR. MAX THEILER.** The Nobel Prize for Medicine for 1951 was on October 18 awarded to Dr. Max Theiler of the Rockefeller Foundation, New York, for his development of vaccines against yellow fever. He has been with the international health division of the Foundation since 1930, conducting research.



**PLAYING AGAINST THE U.S.A. AT PINEHURST, NORTH CAROLINA, ON NOVEMBER 2 AND 4:**

**THE BRITISH RYDER CUP TEAM.** Our photograph of the British Ryder Cup team shows (l. to r.). Back row: Arthur Lees; Ken Bousfield; Harry Wootman; Jack Hargreaves; Jimmy Adams and John Panton. (Sitting) Charles Ward; Dai Rees; Arthur Lacey (non-playing captain); Max Faulkner and Fred Daly.



**PRINCE CARL OF SWEDEN.** Died on October 23, aged ninety. Prince Carl, brother of the late King Gustaf V., was the inspiring leader of the Swedish Red Cross, of which he was for forty years president. The late King of Sweden instituted a medal in honour of his life work in the cause of mercy. A professional soldier, he served in the Royal Horse Guards of Sweden, and became Inspector-General of Cavalry.



**NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW: A PORTRAIT OF JOHN LOGIE BAIRD, BY JAMES KERR-LAWSON.**

A wall plaque, put up by the L.C.C. on the house in Frith Street, Soho, London, in which John Logie Baird gave the first demonstration of television in 1926, was recently unveiled. A portrait of John Logie Baird (1888-1946), by James Kerr-Lawson, is now in the possession of the University of Glasgow. On the screen to which Baird points Prometheus is portrayed—a prophetic suggestion that by means of television man may yet see all that ever was or will be.



**THE PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER IN WASHINGTON: DR. MOUSSADEK GREETED BY PRESIDENT TRUMAN.** ON ARRIVAL AT BLAIR HOUSE ON OCTOBER 23. Dr. Mossadek, the Persian Prime Minister, arrived in Washington from Philadelphia on October 23, and after a short rest at the Persian Embassy drove to Blair House to lunch with President Truman. On the following day Mr. Acheson, the United States Secretary of State, visited him in hospital, and remained for a two-and-a-half hours conversation. Dr. Mossadek instructed his Government's oil expert, Mr. Kazem Hassibi, to fly to Washington from Teheran without delay.



**RECEIVING A SYMBOLICAL GOLDEN KEY FROM M. ROBERT SCHUMAN, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER: MR. TRYGVE LIE (RIGHT).** On October 24 M. Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, handed to Mr. Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of the United Nations, a symbolic golden key as the blue and white flag of the United Nations was hoisted above the Palais de Chaillot in Paris. On November 1 the Palais de Chaillot temporarily became international territory for the session of the United Nations General Assembly, which is due to open there on November 6. A photograph of the Palais de Chaillot appears on page 725.



# THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS: CANAL ZONE EVACUATIONS AND A DIPLOMATIC MOVE.



MEN OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE MANNING A SAND-BAG EMPLACEMENT AT THE ENTRANCE OF AN R.A.F. STATION IN THE CANAL ZONE.



TYPICAL OF THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE ISMAILIA MOB: A BURNT-OUT CIVILIAN CAR IN THE ARASHIA QUARTER AFTER THE RIOTS OF OCTOBER 16.



THE RUSSIAN MINISTER TO CAIRO (RIGHT), MR. KOZIREV, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE EGYPTIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, SALAH ED-DIN BEY, AT CAIRO DURING RECENT DISCUSSIONS.



EGYPTIAN WORKERS IN THE CANAL ZONE SWARMING ONTO THE TRAIN AT ISMAILIA AS THEY PREPARED TO LEAVE THE ZONE FOR CAIRO, WITH THEIR GOODS AND FAMILIES.



AN INCIDENT OF THE EGYPTIAN EXODUS: A BRITISH SOLDIER CHECKING OVER A LORRY LOADED WITH EGYPTIANS AND THEIR GOODS AS IT LEFT THE CANAL ZONE.



A SAD LEAVE-TAKING OCCASIONED BY THE EGYPTIAN TROUBLES: R.A.F. MEN'S CHILDREN AND FAMILIES LEAVING ISMAILIA TO EMBARK AT PORT SAID FOR HOME.

When it became clear that Great Britain was prepared and able to stand on her treaty rights in the Canal Zone, rioting, demonstrations and similar incidents quietened down considerably in Egypt. The exodus of Egyptian workers from the Canal Zone, financed by the Egyptian Government, has, however, continued and on October 28 the Egyptian Foreign Ministry handed two Notes to the British Embassy. The first contained the first official intimation to Britain that Egypt had abrogated the 1936 Treaty and the 1899 Condominium Agreement; while the second repeated the demand of October 19 that British troops should immediately withdraw from the Canal

Zone. As regards the rioting at Ismailia and Port Said, the Note made the rather unusual statement that "the British must have known that the announcement of abrogation would cause demonstrations and rejoicing by the people of the Canal Zone, and it was thus the duty of the British authorities to avoid all possible causes of friction."





# The World of the Cinema.

NON-CONTROVERSIAL.



**I**DEALLY your critic should be of a positively Martian detachment when he goes to see such a film as "Rommel—Desert Fox." I flatter myself that I preserved at least a human detachment right up till the last ten minutes, when Rommel had to say good-bye to his wife and son and go off to certain death because he had been found guilty of planning the extermination of his Führer. Nothing here was wanting—except, possibly, solemn incidental music for bass-strings, clarinets and harp—to evoke the furtive tear. Mr. James Mason as Field Marshal Rommel wonderfully managed an almost imperceptible tremble to his stiff upper lip, and gave an almost perfectly convincing smile of serenity and comfort to his wife and son as he climbed into the automobile of Fate. No less subservient to the film's intentions, Miss Jessica Tandy as Frau Rommel stood speechless with grief at a first-floor window. Her lips formed the words, "Good-bye, Darling," and in her eyes and attitude was that utter agony of grief which only a complete and self-denying absence of make-up can give to an actress (as Duse discovered fifty years ago).

But was the furtive tear evoked, and was I shattered? Regrettably I must confess that by this time I was so far removed from complete detachment as to be half-simmering with indignation and resentment. There is a limit to obedience and complacency. Why should anyone be obliged to spend five years of one's life hating this Nazi leader and all he stood for? And why should one now, after another five years of a most uneasy peace on earth, be asked to sympathise with the final plight of this same Nazi leader and wallow—in a cinema-theatre—in the emotion of his ultimate parting with the wife of his bosom?

This having been said—and it must be said—I am now able to state that for the rest of the film's extent I was as utterly cool as only an extremely unpolitical

By ALAN DENT

the other hand, the blossom—a no less honest young man in his own way—glowed and beamed with approval throughout at so expert a piece of sheer film-making. These two young enthusiasts, in short, whom I took together by the merest chance, personified the two distinctly separate attitudes that have been taken up by my fully-grown critical colleagues of the Press.



"DETECTIVE STORY" AT THE PLAZA: A SCENE FROM THE END OF THE FILM (PARAMOUNT), SHOWING THE SQUADROOM IN WHICH CHARLEY GENNINI (JOSEPH WISEMAN), A CAT BURGLAR, SUDDENLY OVERPOWERS HIS GUARD AND DRAWS A GUN, HOLDING THE ASSEMBLED DETECTIVES AT BAY. DETECTIVE JAMES MCLEOD (KIRK DOUGLAS—SITTING, RIGHT) ATTEMPTS TO DISARM HIM.

One school says out loud that this is a "dangerous" film, and all the more noxious and deleterious because of its high technical competence. The other school chooses to blink the film's whitewashing purport and just overflows with praise of its script, its direction and its acting.

It is certainly a clever, an almost diabolically clever, piece of work. Nothing could exceed the purely cinematic excitement

serious, you Englishman?" says his slayer, with a sneer. It may be that I completely misunderstood this strange prelude. But it seems to me that if it does not signify that warfare is an ironic, footling, evil and pointless business, it signifies nothing whatever. It is only when this is done that we see at last, on the screen, the film's title and credits, are told that the script is by Nunally Johnson, that the direction is by Henry Hathaway, and that the actors who so capably and strikingly present Rundstedt and Hitler are Leo G. Carroll and Luther Adler respectively. And all that follows is the end of the life-story of Erwin Rommel.

It is brilliantly acted and told. How ingenious and how would-be disarming, for example, to begin this main body of the film with an actual letter from Field Marshal Auchinleck in the midst of the campaign, desiring his officers to impress upon their men that Rommel, in spite of his almost legendary reputation, was not really a superman, or at best a superman who was only human like the rest of us! And how even more ingenious to conclude the film with a convincing imitation of the salutary tones of Mr. Churchill himself saying—as he did at the news of Rommel's death—that this man's military genius electrified the world and that he deserves our respect because he came to hate the maniac and tyrant who was his Führer. But only our respect—Mr. Churchill, war-lords, ladies, gentlemen and film-makers!—not our heartfelt sympathy, and most certainly not our tears, at this time of day or at any other time of day.

It remains for me—still in my strictly non-controversial way—to make a correction and an apology. In my review of

"The Magic Box" (October 6 issue), I wrote: "What we do know for a fact is that Edison in the year 1889 patented his kinetoscope." As I clearly stated, I took this "fact" from Mr. Ernest Lindgren's admirable book "The Art of the Film." Now Miss Ray Allister, the author of "Friese-Greene: Close-up of an Inventor," on which "The Magic Box" is based, sends this statement of the absolute truth for those who want it: "I did considerable research on the history of the Edison patents and had a search done by a firm of lawyers in New York. I should like to point out that Edison's biographers and the United States Patent



"IT IS CERTAINLY A CLEVER, AN ALMOST DIABOLICALLY CLEVER, PIECE OF WORK": "ROMMEL—DESERT FOX" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH DR. K. STROLIN (CEDRIC HARDWICKE) "SOUNDS" ROMMEL (JAMES MASON) ON HIS POSSIBLE INCLUSION IN THE PLOT TO END HITLER'S LIFE.

This week Mr. Dent, in his article on this page, writes about the film "Rommel—Desert Fox," which has caused so much controversy. He not only writes of his own reactions to the film, but also describes two "distinctly separate attitudes" of two young film-enthusiasts whom he happened to take to it. In our issue of September 8 we published a page of photographs showing some scenes from the film.

and (if you like; deplorably) unpolemical person could possibly be. It so happened that I took two film-enthusiasts to see "Rommel—Desert Fox"—two young men whose combined ages amount to very little more than my own. One is a budding film-critic, and the other is an opening blossom of a film-director. The bud had spent twenty months of his young life in the Army in North Africa, trying to clean up the desert after the war. He snorted with indignation throughout this film and was all the time of the opinion that it secretly—and even openly—glorified German principles and ought never to have been made. On

of the opening shots, where we land at night with a landing-party (impossible in the dark to tell whose side we are on!) and proceed to storm a fortification with Bren-guns, firing through closed doors, slaughtering men on stairs, rushing out of the fortification into a murky grove that surrounds it. At long last comes a spoken word. "Did we get 'im?" says a soldier dying under the trees. "Are you



"I FLATTER MYSELF THAT I PRESERVED AT LEAST A HUMAN DETACHMENT RIGHT UP TILL THE LAST TEN MINUTES, WHEN ROMMEL HAD TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO HIS WIFE AND SON AND GO OFF TO CERTAIN DEATH BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF PLANNING THE EXTERMINATION OF HIS FÜHRER": "ROMMEL—DESERT FOX," SHOWING THE SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH ALDINGER (RICHARD BOONE) GRASPS THE SITUATION AND LEAVES ROMMEL (JAMES MASON) TO BID FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE (JESSICA TANDY) BEFORE LEAVING TO COMMIT SUICIDE "BY ORDER."

Office give the date of the kinetoscope patent as 1891. The facts are that Edison's patent for a 'kinescope camera' is No. 589,168 of 24 August, 1891. Friese-Greene's camera, with which he took moving pictures on celluloid film, is patent No. 10,131 of 21 June, 1889."



# THE WAR IN KOREA: THE ARMISTICE TALKS REOPEN AND THE FIGHTING CONTINUES.



THE SCENE OF THE RESUMED KOREAN ARMISTICE TALKS: THE TINY VILLAGE OF PANMUNJOM FROM THE AIR, SHOWING THE BIG TENT IN WHICH THE TALKS TAKE PLACE.



AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF THE TINY VILLAGE OF PANMUNJOM, LYING ACROSS THE ROAD FROM THE CONFERENCE TENT (CENTRE).



CANADIANS IN KOREA: TROOPERS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT ADAPTING CHINESE DEFENCE POSITIONS TO THEIR OWN USE IN A FORWARD POSITION.

Late on October 23 the Communist command in Korea ratified the liaison officers' agreement to the terms for the resumption of the armistice talks; and on October 24 these talks, which had been broken off in August, were resumed. The new discussions are taking place in a large tent erected at the tiny village of Panmunjom. The area of the talks has been demarcated by coloured balloons which are illuminated at night, and various agreements have been concluded to



THE NEW CHINESE REPRESENTATIVE AT THE ARMISTICE TALKS: GENERAL PIEN CHANG WU, WITH HIS AIDES, WALKING PAST COMMUNIST GUARDS DURING THE FIRST DAY'S TALKS AT PANMUNJOM ON OCTOBER 24.



THE ARMISTICE AREA AT PANMUNJOM IS MARKED WITH ORANGE, CERISE AND YELLOW BALLOONS, WHICH ARE ILLUMINATED BY NIGHT BY SEARCHLIGHTS, ONE OF WHICH IS SHOWN ABOVE.



A COMMUNIST SURRENDER ON "HEARTBREAK RIDGE," ONE OF THE SERIES OF STRONGLY-HELD COMMUNIST POSITIONS, THROUGH WHICH U.N. TROOPS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING THEIR WAY.

avoid unnecessary complaints over "incidents." The talks opened in a friendly atmosphere and the U.N. representatives offered a new buffer zone. On October 25 the Communists made a counter-offer, which however showed that at least they were not intransigently wedded to the idea of the 38th Parallel. On October 27, the U.N. representatives said that this offer was not acceptable to them and that their original offer was open only to minor modifications.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IN every age, a turn for writing is more common than a clear vocation in literature. Readers of John Galt will remember the experience of Mr. Balwhidder, on that spring day when he was sauntering along the edge of Eglesham Wood. In his own words: "I felt as it were a spirit from on high descending upon me, a throb at my heart, and a thrill in my brain, and I was transported out of myself, and seized with the notion of writing a book—but what it should be about, I could not settle to my satisfaction." Now he inclined towards "an orthodox poem, like *Paradise Lost*," and then again he "fancied that a correct treatise on the efficacy of Free Grace, would be more taking." But times have changed—and even in his day, the worthy minister was somewhat old-fashioned. To-day that vague yet powerful visitation would produce a novel. Fiction is now the leading genre, the magnet of all talents; it pulls in every kind of writer, born for it or not. And only purists will object entirely. Stories are always "taking," and a gifted writer always remains himself; he may achieve distinction even in a foreign element.

Still, he ought not to be confused with the born story-tellers. "*A Breeze of Morning*," by Charles Morgan (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), seems to me a case in point. The author is a man of letters, and of conscious vision. His concern is Reality; and being a modern, he has sought to clothe it in "imagined tales." One can't say this was ill-advised. It has achieved him popularity and fame, such is the charm of story-telling and the wide esteem for high thinking. Yet, is he one of nature's novelists? I couldn't see it even in his best work, and now it seems more dubious than ever.

This is the story of a love-entanglement, impinging on a schoolboy and narrated by him in mature years. David is working madly for an Eton scholarship. By chance, he finds a coach and inspiration in the local Squire; and he is enchanted by the Squire's daughter. Meanwhile his sister and their cousin Howard, a poor and strenuous young barrister, have fallen in love. Then Howard, in turn, succumbs to Rose—but in the wrong way. David has had a glimpse of the divine Reality, but Howard, against his will and interest, is pursuing the mask. Prudence aside, not Rose but David's sister is the wife for him. Rose veers between the folly of elopement and the dullness of a good match; and David feels, although he can't interpret, all that is going on.

David's home background and ambitions have a ring of nature. But the true sources of the genre—invention, character and dialogue—are strangely parched. The plot is wooden and the conversations won't flow. The characters are pale and charmless. The great distinction of the book is style; I sometimes felt that it had too much.

"*The Duke's Daughter*," by Angela Thirkell (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), raises a different, now familiar grievance. Mrs. Thirkell is a born story-teller. She started out as an enchanting novelist. Book after book, filled with the fragments that remain, comes to remind us of her gifts and graces. Only, she has not bothered. She has allowed her chronicles of Barseshire to flow on and on, like an interminable fireside chat. Each time, her throng of characters is reinforced. Each time, there are more happy couples, babies and schoolmasters, more digs at them, more bursts of feeling for the de-privileged. It must be fun to write, and even now, in bits and flashes, it is fun to read. But it is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

This time, war wounds are healed in Lady Cora Palliser, and in Commander Waring, R.N. Tom Grantly's post-war vacillations reach a full-stop. Good Emmy Graham is made happy, and the spoilt Clarissa comes to her senses. Oliver Marling finds a mate at last. Lord Lufton, kind, ingenious and spotty, takes his place in the queue. But any other incidents would do as well. The chat flows on, gay and off-hand, spiced with delicious wit and humour—and yet with little hold on the attention, it is so formless. And once or twice, when Mrs. Thirkell trips up on her anti-Them obsession, it provokes embarrassment.

"*Catherine Brooke*," by Ruth Marsden (MacGibbon and Kee; 10s. 6d.), is a first novel; and we are told the writer nearly started with biography. Should she have stuck to that? Is fiction really her native air?

On the initial evidence, one can't say that it is: although she has decided gifts—intelligence, an eye for people, and a steady truthfulness. Her Catherine is a war widow, living marooned and dreary in a Cambridge suburb with a small boy. Her husband happened to be stationed there, they found a house, so she is there still. Robin was born after his father's death; and he is sad and tiresome, and she knows that it is her doing. Yet not her fault, since she can't help it. This is the vital theme, the really painful grappling with things as they are. According to the snug old view, when "home they brought her warrior dead," she should have sobbed out, "Sweet, my child, I live for thee," and after that should have been wrapped up in him. But Catherine is young. She wants to live at first-hand; maternal tenderness and drudgery are not enough. And Robin feels her discontent, resents and fears it, and becomes sad and bad.

This part is excellent, though not perhaps ideal as fiction. Her romantic love for one man, and stolid courtship by another, are less interesting. The elements are there, but not the faculty required to handle them and make a real story.

"*It's Her Own Funeral*," by Carol Carnac (Collins; 9s. 6d.), presents an ancient lady overhoused in a decaying manor, alone and bedridden, and very wealthy, but resolved to stay put. Her tough niece Isabelle takes things in hand, drags the reluctant Palings over from the gardener's cottage, and gets her two young cousins, Jane and Roland, to move into it. Then she departs, leaving the young people in charge. They love the cottage, but they can't do with Isabelle; and Roland has a hunch that she is up to something, at their expense. When a domestic accident snuffs out Miss Anne, and nearly sends the Palings after her, he is quite sure. But was it really murder, with a pair of scapegoats neatly installed? That is one point for Chief Inspector Rivers of the C.I.D.—a very sensible and human sleuth, in an attractive and eventful story. K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## A MAN NOT BORN TO BE KING.

INTERESTING, indeed fascinating, as is "*A King's Story*," The Memoirs of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor (Cassell; 25s.), one cannot but regret, from the Duke's point of view, that it was ever written. For by implication on almost every page it becomes apparent that the instincts of Mr. Baldwin, of the much-maligned Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the overwhelming majority of the British public were right over the sad episode of the abdication. That, until the publication of this book, it had come to be regarded as merely an episode is due to the underlying strength of the monarchy—a strength imparted to it by the virtues of the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria—virtues which King Edward VIII. found so hampering and restricting. Had the book stopped short of the painful story of the abdication, the self-portrait which the Duke and his

American collaborator draws would have left one with the exclamation: "Oh, the pity of it!" It was not surprising, perhaps, that, as the Duke so often reiterates, a young Prince enjoying an almost fantastic popularity—a Prince, moreover, who had seen at first hand the torment of his tortured generation in World War I.—should have revolted against the staid ways and solid Victorian and Edwardian outlook of the Court of King George V. This part of the book which, like the whole of it, is admirably written—though I can scarcely visualise King George V. remarking: "By God, that is one of the darnedest tricks I have ever seen"—produces some charming pictures of the Royal family in their less formal moments. Not the least pleasant incident is the letter from the present King, when the Prince of Wales, as he then was, was racing back from Africa to be by the bedside of George V., then in his serious illness. It reads: "My dear old David, Since writing to you this evening I have seen Dawson. Papa's temperature has gone up again to-night which is a worry but has not altered Papa's condition very materially as he is stronger physically. . . . There is a lovely story going about which emanated from the East End that the reason of your rushing home is that in the event of anything happening to Papa I am going to bag the Throne in your absence!!!! Just like the Middle Ages. . . . Ever yours, Bertie." The burden on the heir to the throne and on its occupant is revealed in all the full weight of its exacting and unrelenting formality. Little wonder that any man might flinch from it. It emerges clearly, however, from the Duke's apologia that at no time did he grasp the point with regard to the abdication crisis. To this day he appears to think of the whole sad matter as a conflict between an astute and self-seeking politician and an insincere, smooth cleric on the one side, and a modern young man merely exercising the rights of any human being on the other. He fails to see that, given the law of England civil and ecclesiastical, given the feelings of the majority of his subjects at home and particularly overseas, given above all his position as the King of England and the pattern and exemplar of his subjects, Mr. Baldwin and the Archbishop were right. Given these things, there was no middle course between renunciation of Mrs. Simpson and abdication. Alas, the standards demanded of the monarchy are different, more exacting and more cruel than those demanded of ordinary mortals. Deeply as one may sympathise with this personal King's tragedy, grateful as any member of my generation must be for King Edward VIII.'s admirable activities as Prince of Wales, I leave this subject where I began, and deplore its publication.

A book which can be wholly recommended is Mrs. Rosamond Bayne-Powell's "*Travellers in 18th-Century England*" (Murray; 18s.). If the modern traveller finds his Majesty's Customs and preventive officers (or to give them their proper title, the Water Guard) exacting to-day, they can thank their lucky stars that they are not landing as in the eighteenth century at Dover from Calais, at Brighthelmstone from Dieppe, London from Rotterdam, or Yarmouth from Ritzbuttel. They would have been early faced with a problem graver than confronts those who purchase a Swiss watch or half-a-dozen pairs of nylons abroad. Well off-shore their ship would be met by little boats whose crews offered to transport anything dutiable and restore the goods secretly in England. These were obvious smugglers. The men of the frigates and corvettes of H.M. Navy who made the same offer had the additional disadvantage of being possible *agents provocateurs*. Even should they decide to be honest in their declaration, the nice point then arose for the travellers of how much, and to whom, among the Customs officers, they should pay bribes. Mrs. Bayne-Powell has hit on the happy contrivance of making us travel with noted foreign visitors such as Count Kielmansegg, Pastor Moritz and Sophie de la Roche. In this way she enables us to see our ancestors as others saw them. In this guise she has drawn a delightful picture of the manners and social customs of those ancestors.

On personal grounds, I trust that by the time this is published my old friend Mr. J. Wentworth Day, author of "*Broadland Adventure*" (*Country Life*; 18s.), will be able to write the letters "M.P." after his name. I hope, however, that if that should be the case his parliamentary duties will not interfere with the writing of further admirable books of this sort. His knowledge

of East Anglia, its wild-fowling and its shooting, its history, its local customs, its dialects and its many colourful characters, is as encyclopædic as the telling of them is racy and his style elegant.

A book which has delighted Mr. Wentworth Day, but which I can only briefly mention, is "*Duck Shooting*," by Van Campen Heilner (Hutchinson; £3 3s.), copiously illustrated with photographs and with pictures in colour by Lynn Bogue Hunt. This is an encyclopædic volume which covers duck-shooting, not merely in the United States, but in all the great duck lands of the world.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

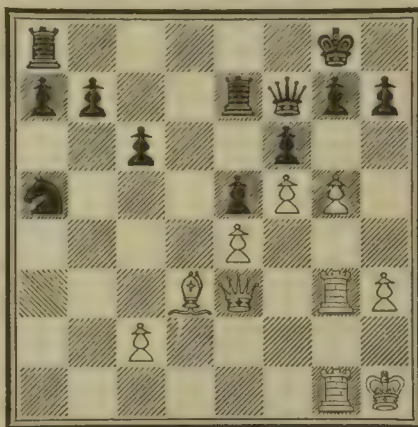
A useful Christmas present that can be used day by day during the coming year is a desk diary for 1952. A very good selection of desk and diary blotting pads are manufactured by Keliher Hudson and Kearns Ltd., and can be obtained at 15/17, Hatfields, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, or 111, Kingsway, W.C.2. Prices (excluding purchase tax) range from 17s. to 21s.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THERE is plenty of humour in chess. The 2000 members of the Postal Chess Club, sending me their game-scores, provide me with many a laugh. Here are two amusing situations reported to me this week:

K. WHYLD (Black).



J. R. CHESHIRE (White).

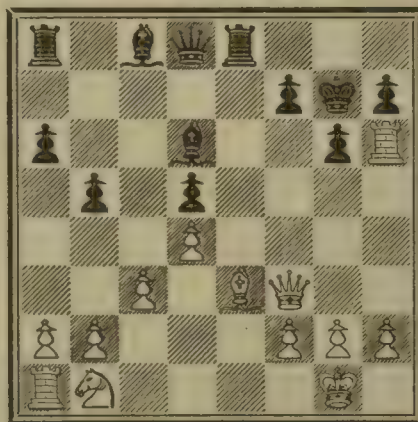
This position was reached in a Premier tournament, which is only one stage below the championship. White continued, 26. P-Kt6, P×P; 27. R×P, P-QKt3; 28. Q-R6, K-B1, and now, having given up two pawns for an attack for which he sees no future, resigned. But another member, D. A. Jones, has pointed out that he could have forced a draw or, if Black plays in the least degree inaccurately, a win!

29. Q-R8ch Q-Kt1 31. R×KtP! Q×Q  
30. R×BPch R-B2 32. R(B6)×Rch K-K1

A cursory exploration of alternatives shows that all Black's moves are forced. White now checks for ever with his rooks. If Black attempts to escape with his king to QKt1, he loses:

33. R-K7ch K-Q1 36. R-Kt7ch Kt×R  
34. R-Q7ch K-B1 37. R×Ktch K-B1  
35. B-R6ch K-Kt1 38. R-KR7dis. ch winning the queen and the rook next move!

BLACK.



WHITE.

In the second diagrammed position, Black played the apparently crushing 17. . . . Q-Kt4, threatening 18. . . . R×B; 19. P×R, Q×R. If, 18. B×Q?, R-K8 mate. Who knows—perhaps he showed the position to his friends in triumph. But when White (F. G. Lott) sent the reply, 18. R×RPch, Black resigned!



# THE FOCH CENTENARY, ADVENTURE, AND MEMORIALS OF THINGS PAST.



(Left.) On October 20, President Auriol unveiled at Saint-Gaudens a memorial to the three great Marshals—Foch, Joffre and Gallieni—all of whom were Pyreneans. The ceremony took place in the presence of the relatives of the three Marshals, Cabinet Ministers, the British Ambassador and other Allied representatives. Later in the day President Auriol spoke at Tarbes on the Foch doctrine of unity of action and Allied solidarity.

(Right.) Among the many honours which have been paid in several countries to the memory of Marshal Foch on the centenary of his birth, Brussels organised a day of various ceremonies on October 18. In the morning a solemn ceremony took place at the monument of the "Poilu Inconnu" at Laeken.



THE MEMORIAL TO THE THREE MARSHALS—FOCH, JOFFRE, GALLIENI—UNVEILED BY PRESIDENT AURIOL AT SAINT-GAUDENS, ON THE CENTENARY OF MARSHAL FOCH'S BIRTH.



THE CENTENARY OF MARSHAL FOCH'S BIRTH: A NEW SITE FOR HIS STATUE IN PARIS, OVERLOOKING THE TEMPORARY U.N. BUILDINGS.

After looking out over the Place du Trocadéro for years, the equestrian statue of Marshal Foch has been moved to a higher pedestal and faces in the opposite direction. France's national hero now looks towards the new temporary United Nations buildings.



FLYING THE "JOLLY ROGER": THE SCHOONER LAMORNA, IN WHICH A PARTY IS SAILING IN SEARCH OF THE BURIED TREASURE OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

An expedition was due to leave Gosport recently in the schooner *Lamorna* to sail to the South China Sea in search of the buried treasure of Captain Kidd. As her house-flag the *Lamorna* flies the skull-and-crossbones in blue on a white ground.

BELGIUM PAYS HOMAGE TO THE MEMORY OF MARSHAL FOCH ON THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH: THE CEREMONY AT THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S TOMB AT LAEKEN.



HANGING OUT THE WASHING OUTSIDE HITLER'S GUEST-HOUSE: A SCENE IN THE TIERGARTEN, IN THE BRITISH SECTOR.

Our photograph shows a Berlin washerwoman and her daughter hanging clothes outside their laundry—once the official guest-house of Hitler's Reich. The guest-house, now a scarred ruin, is situated in the middle of the Tiergarten. It will be noticed that the Nazi emblem is incorporated in the decorative motif on each side of the name "Bellevue."



THE FIRST DEMONSTRATION OF TELEVISION COMMEMORATED: SIR ROBERT RENWICK UNVEILING A PLAQUE RECORDING JOHN LOGIE BAIRD'S ACHIEVEMENT.

John Logie Baird (1888-1946) gave the first demonstration of television in 22, Frith Street, Soho, in 1926. On October 24, 1951 Sir Robert Renwick, president of the Television Society, unveiled an outside wall plaque put up on the house by the London County Council, in commemoration.



THE ANCIENT QUIT RENTS CEREMONY AT THE LAW COURTS: THE CITY SOLICITOR, MR. DESMOND HEAP, CUTTING FAGGOTS WITH A HATCHET.

Faggots are cut with a billhook and hatchet, and horseshoes and nails counted out by the City Solicitor as Quit rents to the Crown in respect of a piece of land in Shropshire, and a site in London at an ancient annual ceremony dating from mediæval times held in the Law Courts.





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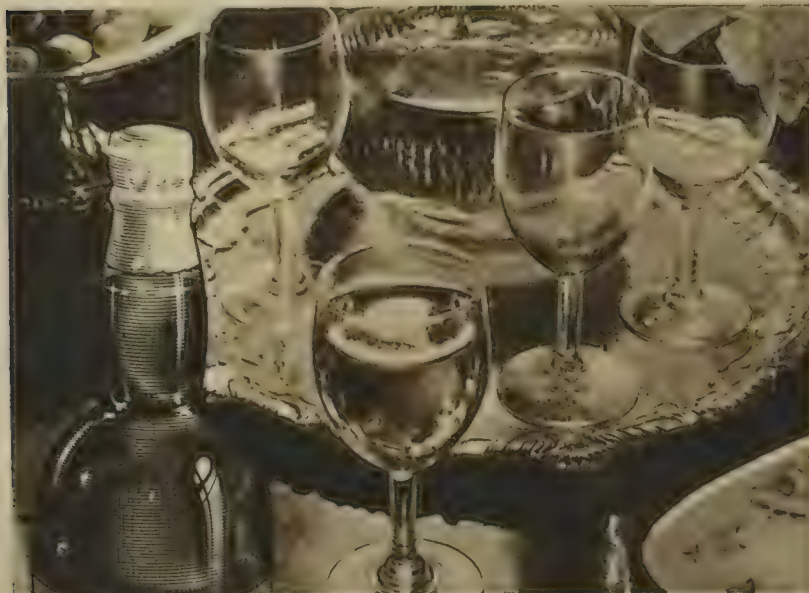
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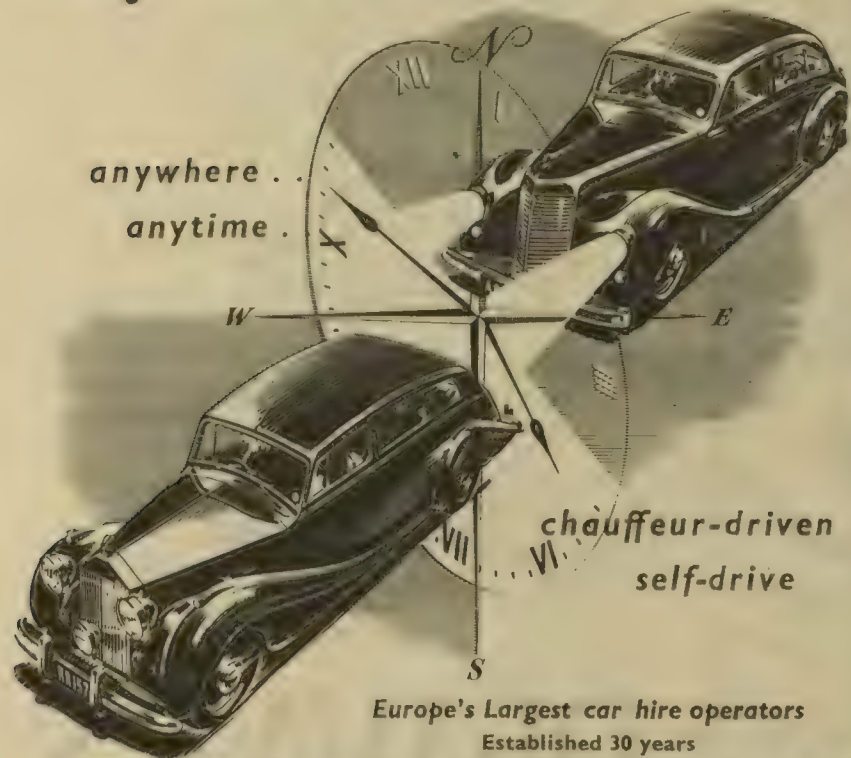
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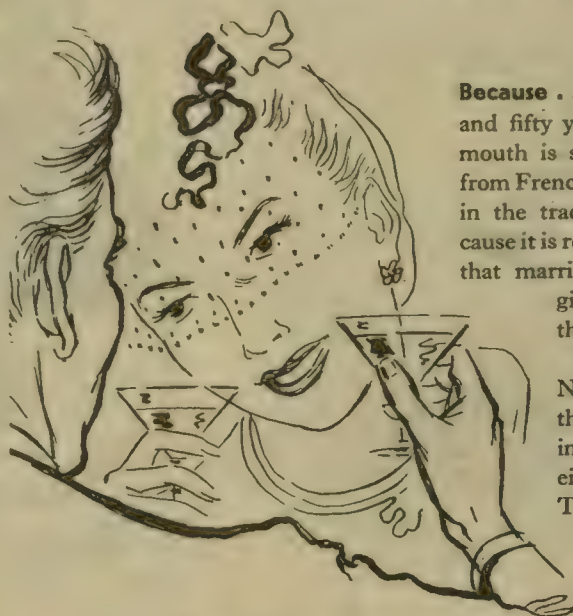
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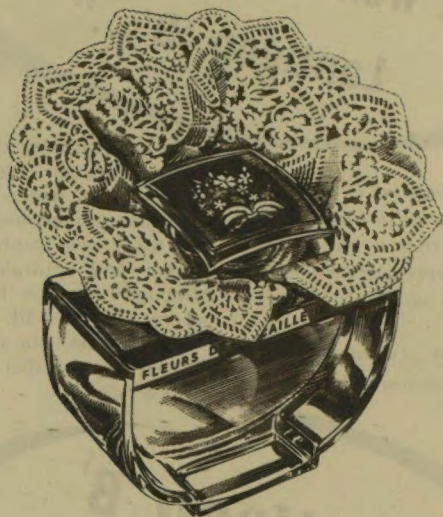
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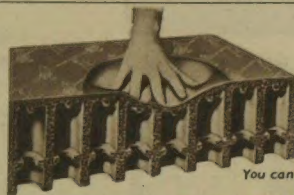
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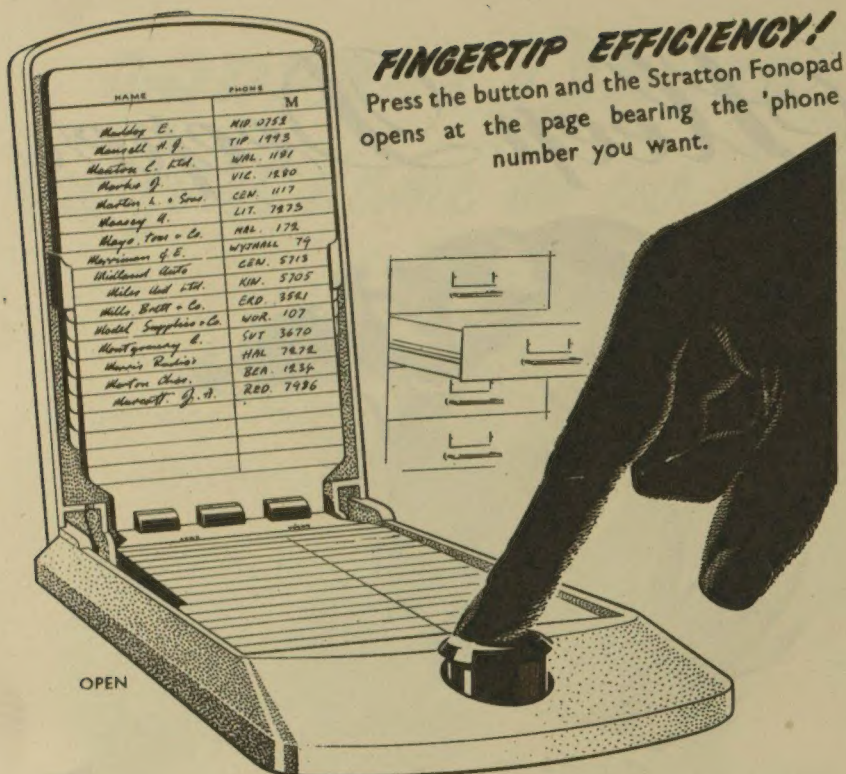
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